

RAGE

FOR MEN

Elvis Presley

Defends Rock 'N' Roll

Burlesque's Daring

New Strip Stars

FEBRUARY

25c ANC

**I Run A
Girlie-Show
Racket**

**FANGS AT
MY THROAT**

**Is A Woman Making
YOU Impotent?**

**The Courtesan Who
Ran For President**



IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday

Men, Too, Go Thru "Change of Life"

DOCTORS CALL IT "MALE CLIMACTERIC"

**New Safe Discovery Especially Com-
pounded for Counteracting Effect on
Body and Blood Changes Due to Usual
Deficiencies that Often Occur
During Middle Age.**

Doctors, employers and scientists all agree that after the first 40 years, the human body undergoes important normal changes. This change occurs in MEN as well as WOMEN! Men, if you are over 40, in good health... but feel nervous, physically weak in legs, back and arms, can't sleep, find it difficult to make decisions... are quick-tempered, always tired and suffer from that terrible "what's the use" feeling... chances are you are going through "change of life," or as doctors call it, MALE CLIMACTERIC. And at this time it's more important than ever that your system isn't deficient in the very vitamins and minerals nature created to counteract and offset the distressing symptoms of these "after 40" body and blood changes.

Amazing new power-packed capsules called AFTER 40 CAPSULES, have been created especially for men and women over forty... each hospital recognized ingredient carefully chosen and carefully compounded for its benefit on every man and woman... Yes, one potent AFTER 40 CAPSULE daily feeds your system a special and particular combination of Vitamins and Minerals to supply your blood, body organs, glands and nerves, including blood-building red Vitamin B-12, the vitamin Germ of Wheat E, stimulating B-1, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorous, Iodine and other potent Vitamins and Minerals. Don't be deprived of life's pleasures by these nutritional deficiencies when science has given you a second chance to recharge body and blood this new easy way. ● **Amazing New "Health in a Capsule" Discovery You Have Long Heard Was Coming. Every Ingredient Works Immediately to Help Strengthen Body and Blood.**

Just recently a well-known scientist perfected AFTER 40 CAPSULES. He combined a group of THE RECOGNIZED VITAMINS AND MINERALS most often needed by men after 40. Common sense, and your doctor... will tell you vital organs often require the supplement of different Vitamins and Minerals in different amounts at maturity than they do during younger years. Amazing AFTER 40 CAPSULES were created specifically to provide a rich source of these essentials, needed by mature men and women.

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Don't Surrender to Old Age Until You've Made This Test

What Is Climacteric?...

Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. The first change when boys become men and girls become women, is usually between the ages of 12-17—another change again occurs usually between 40 and 50.

Who Does It Affect?...

Both men & women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life," in men, doctors call it "male climacteric."

What Are The Common Symptoms?...

Because the body and blood are undergoing important changes during climacteric, the entire system may become upset and symptoms are varied. Men are usually extremely nervous, tire easily, become irritable, feel weak in arms, legs and back and often are very "crabby." Often there are "hot flashes" accompanied by that "what's the use" feeling. And very often a special supplementary source of certain vitamins and minerals is needed such as you find in this important discovery called AFTER 40 CAPSULES.

What Can Be Done?...

Medical science has discovered many medicines that can tide you over the difficult "change of life" period. Today, try the new capsule called "AFTER 40" that supplies the body with an unusual combination of vitamins and minerals so often needed during this period. Full month's supply only \$5.00... be absolutely delighted with results or cheerful, unquestioned refund.

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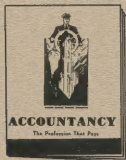
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In the next issue of RAGE



... there'll be a parade of beauties from abroad who are going to be entertainment queens in the next year or so, French starlet Vera Lerins (above), clutching the bra of her bathing suit as she sunbathes on the Riviera, is an example of the Continental sex appeal in store for American movie-goers. Be sure to see RAGE's striking picture feature starring dozens of European lovelies.



For a provocative glimpse into the dark jungle of man's mind, RAGE will bring you a story of man's oldest and deepest-rooted sexual fear—the fear of nakedness—in a startling story written exclusively for you by an outstanding expert in psychology.

RAGE

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The Editors

Shoot the Breeze

IN CASE you missed our first issue—and you may easily have done so, since they went so fast we're short of copies ourselves—**RAGE** is a magazine aimed for men who want honest, hard-hitting articles about the things *they're* interested in—not what the ladies think we should be interested in. In editing this magazine, therefore, we've been working under just one rule: no pulled punches.

If that's the kind of magazine for men that you've been looking for, you've found it. But don't take our word for it; read the magazine and see whether or not we're right. We're pretty sure you're going to be looking for our next issue after you've done so.

The luscious lass stepping out of her shower in the picture on this page is Miss Lynn Jones, one of the hottest and most exciting models to hit magazine pages in several years. That, anyway, is what her press agent says, and after looking at some of her pictures, we were inclined to think he might be right. But make up your mind for yourself: turn to page 24 and spend a day with Miss Jones.

Speaking of pictures, do you remember a girl named Simone Silva and some eye-popping photos taken of her and Robert Mitchum, the actor, a few years back? The pictures, you'll probably recall, showed Miss Silva in a brief skirt—and absolutely nothing else. Because we're great believers in recalling great moments out of history—even if only a couple of years ago—we've reprinted those famous pictures on pages 20 and 21. To all true students of history, therefore, we sound the clarion call: turn to page 20 and start studying.

Without a doubt, a young guy named Elvis Presley is the most

controversial performer on the American stage today. When he appears on TV, some critics say he's vulgar and others say he's just expressing himself. Some irate fathers have forbidden their sons and daughters to look at Elvis (the Pelvis) on TV—which is getting just about as silly as you can get.

Whatever, last issue we ran a story (Rock 'n' Roll: the Sound of Sex) that covered pretty completely just what the critics of rock 'n' rollers like Presley are saying. Summed up, it comes to something like this: "Rock 'n' roll is turning our kids into delinquents."

To this, Presley in effect says nuts and he's chosen **RAGE** in which to express his disapproval. He's got some hard words to say to the rock 'n' roll critics—words, we think, that make a lot of sense.

But whether or not you agree with Presley after reading his side, one thing we're pretty sure you'll be convinced of: this is no empty-

headed matinee idol; Presley has brains to go with his talent.

With the year fast coming to a close, you'll soon be reading the critics' picks as the 10 best movies of '56. We'd like to introduce a new "10 best" list—the 10 best movies of 1956 for men.

Nobody, of course, is going to agree with every one of our picks. Some of these pictures will undoubtedly be ones that you thought were awful. But since we can't please everybody, here goes:

1. *Moby Dick*, a great sea story by a great story teller, John Huston, starring Gregory Peck.

2. *The Searchers*, one of the all-time best westerns from the hands of an expert, John Ford, featuring John Wayne.

3. *War and Peace*, a tremendous epic of men in and out of battle, with Henry Fonda doing a great job.

4. *Bus Stop*, as hot a strip of celluloid to come out of Hollywood in many a day, with most of the fire being generated by a blonde whose name escapes us at the moment.

5. *The King and I*, a great musical about a rough, tough guy, played by Yul Brynner.

6. *Johnny Concho*, a new twist on Westerns with Frank Sinatra proving he's got the talent to do just about everything.

7. *Giant*, a hard-punching story about a hard-punching bunch of people, including Monty Clift.

8. *Away All Boats*, another well-done film about war and the cruel sea.

9. *The Jim Piersall Story*, just about the greatest movie ever made about baseball.

10. *Bullfight*, a top-notch story of blood and gore, bravery and cowardice.

Disagree with any of those? Think we're crazy? You're probably right—but we're sticking by our guns.



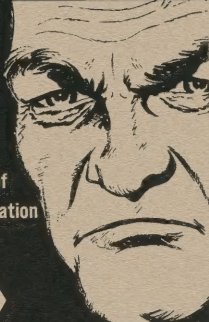
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LOCATION OF PROPERTY

Falcon Lake Resort Properties are located near Falcon Lake, adjoining the city limits of Zapata, Texas on Highway 33, only 49 miles South of El Paso, Texas, the Gateway to Mexico and about 195 miles South of historic San Antonio, Texas. It is less than 180 miles from romantic Monterrey, Mexico. Good paved roads to all leading cities in Texas as well as Mexico.

DESCRIPTION OF FALCON LAKE AND DAM

Falcon Lake, formed by the erection of Falcon Dam, is a huge artificial lake approximately 60 miles long, and 11 miles wide at its maximum point, and has 497 miles of shoreline. The mighty Falcon Dam on the United States-Mexican Borderline was built to harness the Rio Grande River. This inspiring body of deep water provides a magnificent spot to bring your family for boating, fishing, swimming, water skiing, hunting and just plain "relaxing".

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY

The property is ideally located ADJOINING THE CITY LIMITS of Zapata, Texas and all resort sites are just a few minutes drive "downtown" from the main business district, where you will find super-marts, schools, churches, filling stations, lumberyards, post-office, cafes, bank, etc. All lots are level and soil is a rich, sandy loam. Many identical divisions have beautiful flowers blooming most of the year.

STREETS AND ROADS

Many of the streets have already been cleared and graded and the entire project is to be completed shortly. All streets connect into main paved thoroughfares that lead direct to the business district of Zapata, and also to Falcon Lake. Every lot is just a few minutes drive from the Lake, Shopping, Churches, Schools, etc. All streets will be installed WITHOUT ANY "ADDITIONAL" CHARGE OR ASSESSMENT TO PURCHASERS OF LOTS.



UTILITIES

Electricity and telephone lines extend into the property and power is supplied by the Central Power & Light Co. City water will be piped down the center of each street so as to serve each lot purchased throughout the subdivision with purest of city water at reasonable rates. You get a beautiful resort site, including available utilities and water, all for only \$149.50, probably less than it would cost you just to sink a well in most parts of the country.

SIZE AND PRICE OF LOTS

All resort sites of Falcon Lake Resort Properties have a 40 foot frontage and a depth of 75 feet in total area of 3000 square feet. All lots on this offer are priced at only \$149.50 each, on terms of nothing down and \$7.50 per month until the balance is paid.

IMPORTANT LIMITED OFFER! IF YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER YOU DO NOT HAVE TO SEND US ANY DOWN PAYMENT IN ORDER TO BUY YOUR RESORT SITE.



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Upon completion of your payments on your resort site, a Warranty Deed, together with a Guarantee Title Policy issued by the Security Title Company of San Antonio, Texas, guaranteeing the title of your property will be issued to you without further cost. This is extremely important! If you were to buy this Title Policy it would cost you about \$30.00. We provide you with Title Insurance at no additional cost.

TAXES

Under existing tax laws, the tax per lot in this sub-division will average less than \$1.00 per year. YOU DO NOT PAY ANY TAX UNTIL YOUR LOT IS PAID UP AND YOUR WARRANTY DEED AND GUARANTEE TITLE POLICY IS ISSUED.



CLIMATE

The climate and average temperatures of the Laredo-Zapata area is 73° - makes for ideal year around living. At Falcon Lake Resort Properties you can enjoy a healthful, mild semi-tropical climate, away from the hustle and tension of larger cities. The breezes from Falcon Lake and the gentle trade winds blowing across from the nearby Gulf of Mexico provide natural air conditioning that makes for cool summer nights and, aided by a tropical sun, warm lovely winter weather.



SCHOOLS IN ZAPATA

Falcon Lake Resort Properties at Zapata, Texas enjoys excellent school facilities. There is an excellent Grade School and they are now building a High School situated on a large 60 acre tract to cost \$250,000.00. County maintained School Buses pick up the children and transport them to the school from school.

IDEAL FOR TRAILER HOMESITES

Restrictions will not allow owners to clutter up this beautiful subdivision with "shacks". However, Trailer Homes are welcome, and it's the ideal place to bring your trailer. Lots are level, soil a rich sandy loam. You can actually have your own Trailer Home site here, adjoining the city limits, for only \$7.50 per month - less than it would cost you to rent space in a trailer camp.



FISHING AND HUNTING

Fishing is excellent! 6,000,000 Bass Fingerlings have already been placed in Falcon Lake. Many varieties of fish can be caught. If you happen to enjoy fishing with just a cane pole and a can of worms, you will be greatly surprised at the number of large Brim and Sun Perch that you can catch. Three or four pound catfish are readily caught in Falcon Lake and many Catfish have been reported caught weighing close to 100 pounds. The Falcon Lake area is also a paradise for hunters. You can hunt for Deer, Dove and Quail. Ducks are plentiful.

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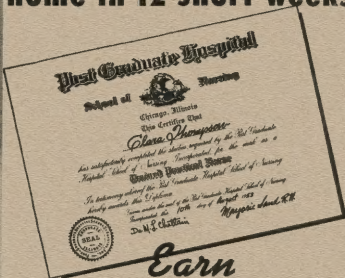
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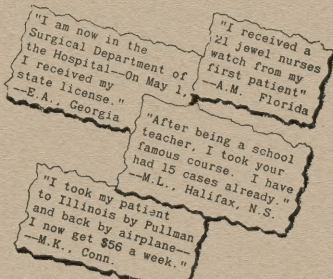
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By SGT. MEL SHORT as told to JEFF DUNBAR



WE BLASTED THE GOOK TRAP!

Torture was their ambush—and the wild-eyed shavetail had 'em licked till a shell left only enough of his guts to fill a cup

THIS I always thought, is what war does to you: You're out to get yourself home alive and you don't give a damn about what happens to the next guy—on your side or on the other side.

And then this happened and I wasn't so sure.

It was supposed to be just a routine patrol. But just before nine, when we were scheduled to take off, Lt. Johnson—Peewee to the guys in his platoon—came crawling around to tell me everything was changed.

"The Gooks are trying a trick the white hunters use in Africa to lure game within range—stake out a goat or a pig to attract a lion. They captured a fly-boy, a major, and tied him to a tree where he'd be spotted. And to make sure we come charging in to rescue him, they're torturing the poor bastard—making like they're going to run him over with a tank."

"He's the goat and we're the lion, eh?"

Peewee spread a map on the ground. "They know we're coming, so there's bound to be an ambush someplace. And they know we know they know, so it's probably going to be hard to stay out of trouble."

It made me feel better to know he thought there actually was a chance of getting in and out again alive.

"Our best bet is to do just the opposite of what they expect us to do. According to Battalion, we should ease along the edge of this valley, half way down from the ridge, using the regular patrol route, and circle around and come in from behind. But it's what they expect us to do. We ought to barge right in from the front and take our chances. We may catch them off guard, and we'd have to come out that way anyhow if the major needs a stretcher."

"How many are we taking?" I asked.

"Just you and me and Mike and his BAR and Beans with his stretcher. We're going to be moving too fast for any more. You carry the anti-tank gun and I carry the ammo." The first hour was straight walking—slowly, carefully, with frequent pauses to hear who else might be moving around in the night. I had a feeling we were working against time. "There's a breeze coming up, and we can't expect these clouds to hold forever," I said. We had maybe two and a half hours more before the moon would shine through.

We hit the first Gook outpost—or more important we didn't hit it—about half an hour later, easing silently around it. I knew from the map that their outpost line was fairly close to the main line at this point.

We slid off to the right and wriggled like clumsy snakes down an irrigation ditch for several hundred yards, then stood up and swung left to get back on course. Only we weren't really standing up any more, but crouching as low as a man can get without crawling.

I kept sniffing the breeze and trying to tell whether it would stay close to the

(Continued on page 58)

A fighting squad of infantry gets what cover it can from tank escort (above, l.); Paint helps spook-up this tank in Korea (above, r.); A GI (below), lies dead in a ditch.



THE QUEER

By EDWARD
D. RADIN

TRIANGLE MURDER

**Hidden in her horror-seared
mind was the ghastly scene
—of a girl, a boy, and
his boy-friend**

THE GIRL with the litting name of Noreen was 17, exceptionally pretty, with a beautiful smile and merry eyes. Life, to her, was something to enjoy, and she wanted neither for dates nor boy friends to take her dancing, to parties or to the movies. Routine high-school courses held no interest for her and, being practical, she left to attend a beautician's course at the Modern Beauty Academy in Tacoma, Washington.

On Friday morning, November 5, 1948, Noreen McNicholas left for the beauty school as usual, wearing a leopardskin coat over the white uniform used at the school.

When Noreen failed to return home by the dinner hour, her mother telephoned the beauty school and was told that her daughter had failed to attend classes that day. Becoming worried, Mrs. McNicholas notified the Pierce County sheriff's office in Tacoma.

When she was still missing the following day, suggestions that she might have run away were disputed by the girl's mother. She pointed out that all Noreen's clothes were in her closet with the exception of what she had worn Friday.

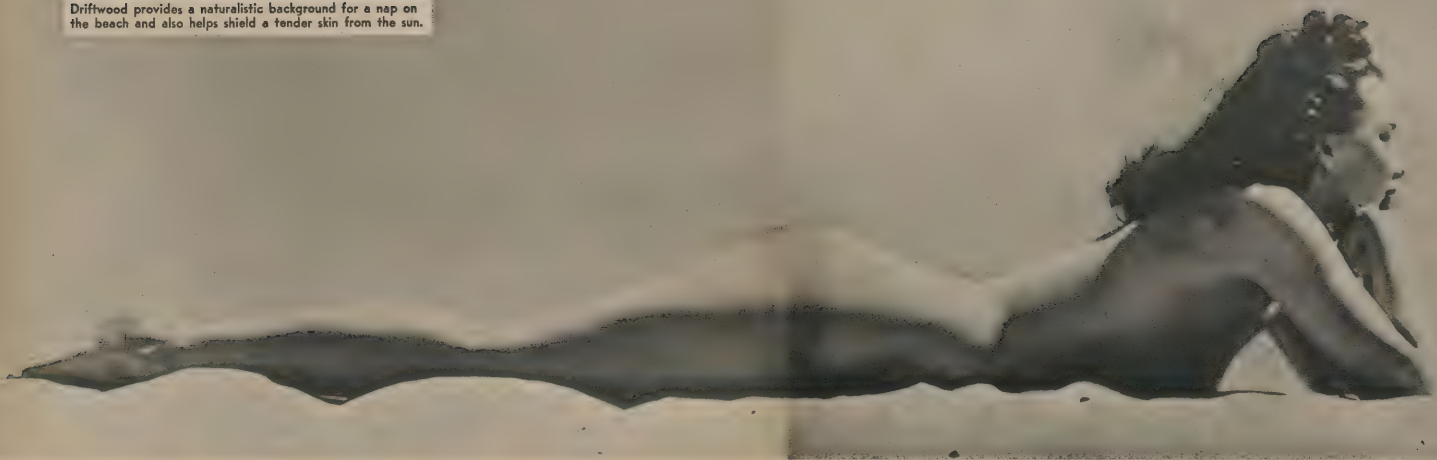
A list of the various boys who had taken Noreen out was compiled. All the boys were able to account for their time on Friday. Hoping that her classmates at school might provide a lead, detectives inquired there. One of Noreen's school friends was a chubby 15-year-old girl named Ella Mae Cooper. She and Noreen had gone to dances together in an outdoor pavilion at Spanaway Park near the outskirts of Tacoma, and not far from Noreen's home.

It was at this point that Robert Goebel became entangled in the case. Goebel, a burly man of 70 with a grizzled, weatherbeaten face, was employed as a caretaker on an estate that

(Continued on page 44)



Driftwood provides a naturalistic background for a nap on the beach and also helps shield a tender skin from the sun.



I DUELED DEATH ON THE ISLE OF NUDES!

It's got all the seductive women you'd ever want—but watch out for the men

"They were much too polite to think of drawing out attention to the fact that we were still dressed in our clothes."



I WAS SITTING peacefully on the patio having a whisky sour with Naldi, who is a captain of *carabinieri*. Far below us the Mediterranean was blue as Josephine's eyes. It was a beautiful morning, except for a slight headache, until that Italian character marched in, bowed, tossed a card on the table, said

**By CARLO FIRENZE
as told to MICHAEL JAMES**

he was Signor Captain *Salveotti*, clicked his heels and marched out again.

"What was all that?"

"A challenge from *Salveotti*," Naldi explained. "What did you ex-

pect? I will act for you, if you wish. I suggest this afternoon at five. The Baroness Hortcsy will lend us her tennis court."

"Tennis? I don't—"

"*Salveotti* challenges you to fight," Naldi said somberly.

"Wait a minute," I laughed. "You mean he wants to fight a duel?"

It makes no difference how one looks at them, the residents of the Isle of Nudes aren't nudes, they are gymnosops.



Churning up the Mediterranean, the girls get their exercise by splashing through a watered-down version of water-polo.

"Naturally," Naldi said calmly.

"Swords, of course."

"Swords?" I gulped. "What for?"

"You struck him. He demands satisfaction."

"Look! I don't know a damned thing about swords," I pleaded. But Naldi had gone off to make arrangements for my murder.

How the hell do I get in such messes?

There I was, just two days before, happily tooling my drive-it-yourself MG along the Riviera, when I ran into Josephine in the Negresco Bar.

She was tall, blonde and beautiful, a school teacher from Utah, travelling with her roommate, Ruth. Attached to Ruth was a Princeton guy named James. I made it a foursome.

James told us about the Ile du Levant. In ancient times it had been Greek, a sort of health resort. Just before World War II, a fashionable French doctor had revived the old customs on the island by organizing a colony of what he called *gymnosophs*.

"Nudists," James explained. "They broke up when war came. But a number have returned since, I've heard. How about going over for a look-see?"

We pulled into a sheltered cove against an ancient, crumbling jetty. A few islanders got off, carrying bundles. The ferryman said he'd be back at six and chugged out to sea.

We strolled along the jetty towards a promenade. "Yipe!" James said suddenly.

He tried to close his mouth as we passed two ladies, dignified as queens, sitting on a rock without a stitch between them. Close by, flexing their muscles, were a couple of handsome Italians; curly hair, gold slave bracelets and that was all.

Jo blushed. They eyed her with the veiled expressions of employed gigolos and their muscles became more prominent. We climbed steps to the promenade. Beside a notice that read: "Complete Nudity is Forbidden" a slender brunette, with disturbing contortions was yanking on a pair of trunks before entering the post office.

We stopped at a terrace cafe to order drinks. James and Ruth were



holding hands. Jo was regarding me pensively while I sought for something significant to say. Then a towering figure strolled on to the terrace. Jo was no longer regarding me.

Greek God looked us over, hesitated and approached.

"Americans?" He had a flashing smile.

We admitted it.

"Jens Thorghessen." His bare heels thudded together. "I like Americans. I would like you to come and drink with me and my guests. I live close by. You will

come?"

Jo got up as though hypnotized. All we could do was follow down a cobbled alley and into a villa with balconies, terraces and flowering shrubs. It was like a movie set. And its characters were the lean, tough-looking Naldi and two

curvesome English girls named Gladys and Doris. They were too polite to notice that we were dressed.

After introductions a clothed servant with a sour expression brought drinks and Jens suggested a swim. With a tolerant expres-

sion, Doris took the girls to a dressing room. James and I were given trunks and we waited until Ruth and Jo appeared in blue-and-green Bikini jobs which, beside the uninterrupted skins of Gladys and Doris looked somehow quite inde-

(Continued on page 48)

"MY .22 BLASTED ONCE, TWICE, A THIRD TIME. THE UGLY HEAD DISSOLVED INTO A MESS OF RED AND WHITE PULP . . ."

HAFIZ, MY SHIKARI, was afraid when he entered the bungalow on that red morning in central India. His dark face, normally smiling and cheerful, was taut and sober.

"Sahib . . ." he said apologetically . . . you'd better come. The tiger . . . you'd better come."

I gulped down my hot morning tea, slapped on my sun helmet and followed him outside. A tall, bearded native from a nearby village was waiting on the edge of the clearing where the jungle swallowed the world. He wore a frayed turban and a stained loin cloth, and he carried an ancient matchlock rifle. When he saw me he put his hand to his mouth in the Indian gesture of humility. Hafiz introduced him as Muktar, "the truest and bravest shikari in all of India." He had something to show me.

Muktar led us along the path that went into the bush. It was very quiet and through the greenness overhead I could see flecks of the red sky.

Muktar stopped, finally, beside a large tree and pointed grimly to some fresh scratches in the bark. His weathered face was as solemn as a man pointing out a corpse.

"What is it?" I asked Hafiz. "Tiger," He said gravely. "Tiger try to climb tree here."

"Climb a tree? Why?"

"To get away. Tiger want to get away."

"Get away from what, Hafiz?" I demanded.

"The *jungli-kutta*, sahib. The *jungli-kutta* have come." He shouldered the rifle and looked at the ground. "We should go. No good here. All game go."

He was right. Overnight the jungle had emptied of nearly every animal, large and small. There was nothing left but the ants and the men. And the *jungli-kutta*. Even the lordly tigers, the tigers I had traveled so far to see and

shoot, had fled.

What was it that could frighten away the tigers? What was a *jungli-kutta*?

"Big teeth," Hafiz explained, flashing his own white ivories. "Red fur. Very fast. Cry all the time. Like this . . ." He made a little whimpering sound. That was his only description.

I didn't know it then, but soon I would see those "big teeth" dripping with saliva in my face.

I had met Hafiz in the office of the Forest Conservation department in Hyderabad when I went to get my hunting license. He was a sturdy little man with iron nerves and a deadly aim. But his emotions were entwined with the jungles and his fibers were woven with the ferns and the palms and the dense bush. When the jungles were filled with fear, he was filled with fear. When there was peace and quiet in the bush, there was peace and quiet in his heart.

I'd been tracking down material for a series of magazine articles in Northern India so I was getting a late start in the hunting season. There weren't many good sectors left. The Indian government has divided the jungles into "blocks" and each one is allotted to a hunter for the season. Most of the blocks contain a small, simply furnished bungalow.

My hunting block was a few miles outside of the village of Nirmal. Hafiz, who was from Nirmal, overheard me talking to one of the Forest Conservation officials and he offered to go along with me. I was glad to have an experienced shikari who knew the block. But, in meeting Hafiz, I was stroke of luck, then my luck ended there. It must have been on the very day we arrived that all the game went galloping off to greener, and safer, pastures.

That afternoon I got my first look at the *jungli-kutta*. The hyena

is clean in comparison. From Hafiz's lurid descriptions I thought it was some kind of drooling monster with the quickness of a cobra and the fearsome striking power of a leopard. It was more surprising than any of these.

At first I didn't see anything. Then, in a corner of the clearing on the other side of the river, a bush fluttered and a speck of brown appeared. It grew quickly into a large blot against the green background and I could make out a massive pair of horns jutting from a quickly moving head.

"Sambar!" Hafiz announced as he handed me my rifle.

I slipped a couple of shells into it. The sambar was traveling fast.

Muktar — whom I'd hired — grunted something in disgust.

"*Kutta . . . Jungli-kutta!*" Hafiz spat.

Then I saw them! Several small flashes of red sweeping through the tall grass, hot in pursuit of the sambar. The old stag seemed to be half-blind. Probably that's why it hadn't left the block like all the others.

I raised my rifle. It was still out of range across the river. The streaks of red were closing in on it. It dipped its head as if attempting to spear one with an antler. Suddenly there was a flash of red behind it as a *kutta* sprang into the air at its flanks. They connected. The sambar shuddered and stumbled. A blob of red appeared alongside and with one quick movement, disemboweled it. A spurt of blood flashed across the grass. The stag fell. More red blobs poured out of the jungle.

Muktar started running along the bank, cursing. I snapped my rifle open, cradled it on my arm and followed. The river was too wide to jump and too deep to wade. When we were parallel to the fallen sambar, Muktar raised his ancient rifle, steadied himself

(Continued on page 61)

AT MY THROAT!

By JOHN A. KEEL



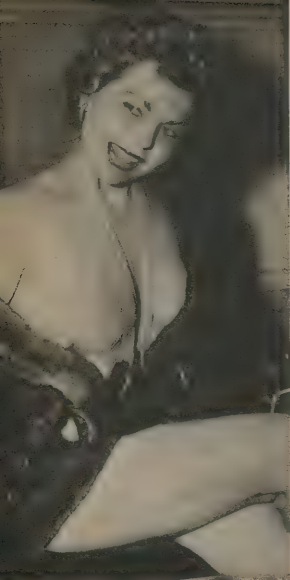
Simone poses for photographers on Riviera. She amazed the hard-boiled photographers.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SIMONE SILVA?

DURING THE spring of 1954, the impish, saucy actress shown on these pages set the whole nation agog. The reason: At a film festival on the Riviera, she posed for pictures never seen in any movie. Unless U. S. film censors should all suddenly lose their vision, no American movie theatre will ever show such pictures either, for Simone Silva posed in a brief skirt—and nothing else.

What really set the photographers scurrying toward her, however, was this: posing for some of the pictures with Simone was a slightly astounded movie headliner, Robert Mitchum. When the pictures hit U. S. front pages the next day, Simone Silva was more famous than many an actress whose name had been on marquees for years.

Today, however, Simone Silva is about as famous as some of the photographers who took her pic-



Indoors, she casts a Monroe-ish look. At right, she poses with Bob Mitchum.



ture; in other words, absolutely unknown. Most people, in fact, have forgotten what they learned about Simone during those hectic days after the Riviera photos were published: that, though her name sounded Continental, she was actually English; that she was an actress short on experience but long on ambition, especially for fame in Hollywood.

Simone actually did reach Hollywood a few months after the daring poses. But her ambition apparently did not match her talent, for she got only one role in a movie, and that only a small part. Then her visitor's visa ran out and the U. S. State Dept.—because she didn't have a job—refused to let her stay any longer.

Back in England, Simone has won critical acclaim in several grade-B pictures. But her overpowering ambition—to be a Hollywood star—is still a long, long way from being realized.

END

Outdoors, always-willing-to-pose Simone casts a line for fish and cameras.



THERE'S NOTHING BAD ABOUT ROCK 'n' ROLL!

By ELVIS PRESLEY

The sideburned idol of the bobby-soxers says his music isn't "the sound of sex"

In our previous issue we ran a story called "Rock 'n' Roll: The Sound of Sex." In it we presented all the arguments against the kind of music Elvis Presley has made notorious. Bouquets and brickbats poured in from our readers. So, in the interests of fairness, we asked Elvis Presley himself to defend rock 'n' roll. Here is his exclusive story, written especially for RAGE MAGAZINE.

A LOT OF PEOPLE have asked me about my singing. Do I call it

rock 'n' roll, do I call it something else? Do I think it is good or bad for the youth of America? I'd like to clear all that up right here and now.

You see, there are really two types of singing that go over big in the South; over the whole rest of the country, for that matter. That's what they call "country music." The other one is, you guessed it, rock 'n' roll.

I never tried to sing any special way. Except the way I wanted to sing. It's like it comes up out of me. I wouldn't try to do anything

else than be myself. I learned a long time ago that imitating somebody else won't get you anywhere in the long run.

So I wouldn't try to pin-point the music I sing down to anything special. Of course, some of it's rock 'n' roll. Of course, some of it's popular. But what I try to make it most of all is Elvis Presley music.

I guess most of you are aware that I've had a lot of criticism at one time or another since I started my career. Some of it has to do with my personal life. But since I don't smoke or drink they've never

Cool, calm and collected, Elvis Presley flashes his winning smile for his excited fans before going on in California.



been able to gossip much about that.

But most of the criticism has been centered about my music. People say it's this or that, a lot of them pretty famous music critics. People say it's an invitation to sex, or it's just a lot of noise. Some go so far as to claim it is a cause of juvenile delinquency.

Well, all I can say to them is this; I've got a lot of faith in the likes and dislikes of the people who come to hear me sing. You can't generally fool an audience for very long.

And if they like something I do, I'm certainly going to take their word for it. And I'll keep it in my act.

On the whole, people are pretty good judges of what they like. I'm not trying to boast my own case; after all, I've only been around for a couple of years. But it was audiences who picked out Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, even when some of the critics were against them in their early days, when youngsters were swooning. And I guess the people turned up right in the long run.

It seems about every ten years a new style comes along. People jump on it, and right away the critics are out swinging, trying to knock it down. It happened to Sinatra; it happened to great singers like Billie Holiday; it even happened to the waltz, when that first came out about a hundred years ago. But in the end, what the people wanted won out.

And I guess a lot worse things could happen to me than to end up like Sinatra or Crosby.

There's a woman walking around the streets of Memphis that I owe an awful lot to. All I know about her is that she's got ■ son who's ■ sailor, or at least he was a sailor. Here's why I remember her: It was July, 1953, and she was sitting in the offices of a record company in Memphis, Tennessee. I don't know what she was doing there. I didn't know then, I don't know now. Anyway, while she was sitting there an 18-year-old kid walked in, carrying a guitar, and started to sing. He made a test record of two songs, *That's When Your Heartaches Begin*, and *My Happiness*. He paid exactly four dollars to make the record. This woman, this unknown woman, listened and thought, "This boy can really sing."



Sprawled out, pooped Presley relaxes after a tough performance.

"This boy," of course, was me, Elvis Presley. And her noticing me was fateful in my life. I've had ■ lot of good luck, for which I am very grateful.

Part of the luck comes from the people I just happened to meet. One was Sam Phillips, president of Col Sun Records. Another was Col. Tom Parker, the man who's handling me now.

But maybe the most important of the lucky things that have happened to me was because of the woman I never met, the woman who sat in the office on that hot day in Memphis three years ago.

One long year after that, a year in which I suffered ups and downs, a year in which I really began to learn the singing trade, Sam Phillips received a new song. He'd never heard it before. But he liked it. It was called *Without You*. He wanted to record it for his company. But he couldn't think of the

right artist to sing it. While thinking this over one day, he happened to run into the same woman who had been sitting in the office the year before, the woman who had heard "this boy" sing. And there the long arm of coincidence stretched out long. For Sam Phillips mentioned his problem. Who was going to sing his new song?

"Why not that boy, that Elvis Presley?" she asked.

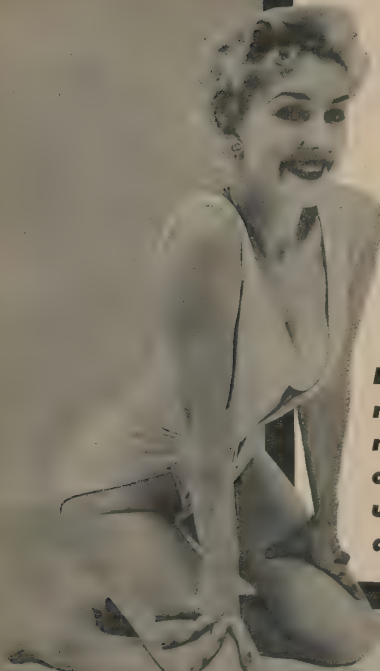
So, Sam Phillips called the electric company where I was working. "How about coming around, Elvis," he said.

I couldn't believe my ears. It took about five minutes for me to get out of the office and hustle on down to where Sun's studio was.

And so I got my first hit?

Not so easy as that. In fact, it was a while before I got a real record out in the record stores. But it did put me in touch with Scotty

(Continued on page 58)



LAZY DAY WITH LYNN

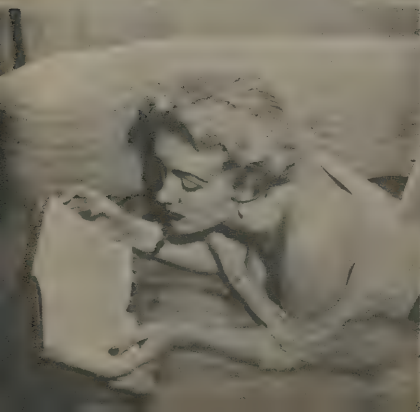
Ever wonder what a pretty model does when she's not modeling? You can find out by taking a peek with us into the beauty's apartment

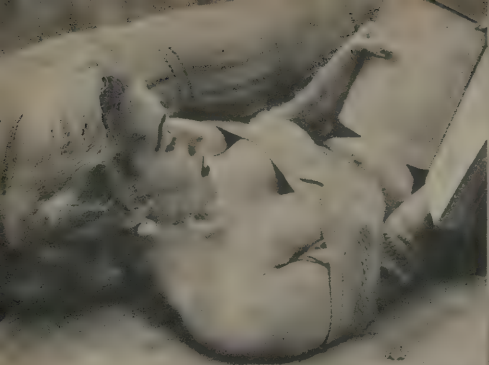
WHAT DOES a pretty model do when she's not posing in front of cameras? To find out, RAGE sent a photographer and reporter to the Manhattan penthouse of model Lynn Jones, told them to record—on film and paper—every last minute of an idle day in the life of Miss Jones.

What they found out is shown in the pictures on these and the next two pages. Like any other bright young girl, our snoopers found, Miss Jones likes to read—and talk. And like any bright young model, Miss Jones would like to be an actress—and not just a fetching starlet, either. Dead serious about her dramatic ambitions, she's already played several roles on television.



She reads, thinks (top), chats with lensman (r.).





Lynn goes back to her book—the "Brothers Kamarazov"—what else?

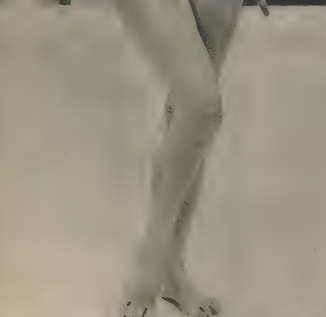


Books or no books, says Lynn, it's time that she got into her tub for her shower.

She thinks about what she's read—and what she's read leaves her with just one startling thought—"If Marilyn can do that, well so help my press clippings, so can I!"



Lynn rests before any assignment on the studio two hours later is ready (below)



Out of the shower, Lynn practices some poses that every fashion model must know.



I RUN A GIRLIE-SHOW RACKET..



Think you know all about the
con game? One gets you ten
you've never heard about
this one. It's the way the
carnival "cooch" shows
really make money

ONE OLD geezer dropped 150 bucks. He staggered out of the gloomy tent. Another man, younger and well-dressed, left almost \$300 bucks in the well-lined pockets of the mob.

All up and down the colorfully lit carnival midway, the other crooks felt our presence. Empty pockets said, clearer than words—"The mob is working!"

Unless you're over 18 and addicted to carnival "girlie" shows, the chances are pretty good that you've never seen a /road mob in action. I was past 30 when I met the first broad tosser I'd ever seen.

I suppose these terms are confusing. So suppose I begin it back in Miami Beach, a year ago?

Keep your eye on me. See—here I come, heading for that neat little Beach bar in the fancy hotel. Me, I sleep in a little motel out near Coral Gables, but my old daddy taught me at an early age, "Hang around money long enough and some of it will rub off on you."

As it turned out, old daddy was almost dead wrong.

I had \$60 bucks in my kick when I wandered into the bar. Half an hour later, I was flat.

It happened like this:

A couple of kids, college type feds, were sitting back in a corner, fooling around with some cards. One of them nodded like he knew me, so I went over.

"My name's Arnold," he said. "Everybody calls me Arnie. I'm trying to learn this crazy three-card monte."

He showed me the three cards. Two were black queens, one was red. He put all three into his hand, face down, and began dropping the bottom cards on the table, (Continued on page 50)

By STU WAGNER as told to EDWIN CORLEY



**HOW TO CLIMB
A MOUNTAIN ON**

ONE LEG!



Left, he leaps, then pulls in rope.

He hops across level ground.



Wintersteller lunges to notch.

WHEN BRUNO WINTERSTELLER, Austrian ski champion and alpinist, lost his right leg in a skiing accident, his friends thought that his climbing days were over. However, they did not figure on Bruno's stubborn determination in the face of adversity. Convinced himself that he would once again be able to climb the mountains he had known and loved for many years, he slowly and painfully learned how to climb, with only one leg, using hand crampons to support his body while moving his left leg forward—and upward.

With many difficult mountains conquered, he set himself the task of climbing the famous Matterhorn, considered the most formidable mountain outside of the remote Himalayas.

View from below during climb.





Wintersteller and pal near top

With one companion he commenced the arduous journey. As the pictures on these four pages show, Wintersteller slowly—but surely—climbed the towering peak.

Near the top, what a feeling passed through the nerveless body of Wintersteller! For, unlike the other daring climbers who had scaled the fearsome Matterhorn, Wintersteller—passed off as a helpless cripple by so many unthinking people—had not only conquered the mighty Matterhorn but had also whipped his own disability—or what the unthinking would label a disability.

Today, with these pictures as proof of his agility, Wintersteller is in demand as a mountain-climbing teacher. He is also a demonstrator

—not only of amazing courage and sheer determination—but of his inventions, which include a hand-crampon and a climbing-crutch. To every one of us, these are symbols of something that will forever be the spirit of adventure. Reason: by all things that seem sensible and safe, Bruno Wintersteller should have seen his last mountain peak on the day he lost his right leg.

But Bruno Wintersteller, as these pictures prove, is still the master of the mountains, for he has done with one leg what most men with two legs would never dare to do: challenge the Matterhorn.

Bruno Wintersteller does not know any handicaps. He knows only one thing: the challenge of the unknown.

His life is a story of real courage—the fight by a human being against handicaps—or, more honestly, what some of us think are handicaps. END

Triumph! He reaches summit!





VICTORIA WOODHULL

COURTESAN WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT

THERE ISN'T a single textbook on American history that will tell you about the whore who ran for the Presidency of the United States.

Politics, they say, make strange bedfellows—and promiscuous Vicki Woodhull was one steady bedfellow who became the strangest companion ever to storm the political horizon. Though she lost after a bitter hammer-and-tong campaign, the adulterous daughter of a hobo left a black mark on American politics that nobody can ever erase—no matter how many school books conveniently ignore her in the footnotes.

Victoria Claflin Woodhull tornadoed herself upon the national scene during the latter half of the 19th Century. An anarchist, a former newspaper publisher and a Wall Street broker, Vicki was known as the "Bewitching Broker of the Stock Exchange," where she raked in some \$700,000 in a whirlwind period of three hectic years.

Restless and driven by a burning conviction that life had a greater destiny for her, Vicki yearned to soar above the limitations of her sex. So she decided to run for President in the campaign of 1872.

Even measured by the standards of today, Vicki put together a fabulous career as a devoted believer and practitioner of sexual freedom. In her early thirties, she organized a political party on her "ideal system of government" known as Pantarchy.

The platform of Pantarchy suggested an absolute equality between the sexes and provided for a universal freedom of love. These were Vicki's ideas, and during her spirited campaign throughout the country, she captivated masses. The press gave further impetus to her fight for the White House by whooping up (though not endorsing) her barnstorming activities.

By **CYRUS W. BELL**

The first headline in a New York newspaper read:

**VICTORIA C. WOODHULL FIRST
WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR PRES.**

FEMALE BROKER ORGANIZES PANTARCHY FOR WOMEN

One political cartoonist satirized Pantarchy in a first-page drawing of betrousered girls smoking cigars and watching men in dresses as they diapered infants.

No matter where she went, thousands stacked the auditoriums while more thousands were barred admittance for lack of space. A fiery speaker who hopped, skipped and bumped all over the rostrum, Vicki was often referred to as the greatest show on earth. The cops almost always broke up her rallies and lugged her away amid the protests, cacklings and placard-wavings of her "constituents."

On one occasion, after being salted away briefly in the Ludlow Street Jail in New York City, Vicki was forbidden on her release to deliver a campaign talk scheduled for Cooper Union later that week. But her party workers tacked up hundreds of huge posters announcing that Vicki would give the speech anyway. The New York City police were ready for the women on the night of the rally. Under orders to re-arrest her, they surrounded Cooper Union. But her supporters were sure she'd appear.

She did.

In plain view of dozens of The Gotham's Finest, Vicki walked nonchalantly into the hall—disguised as an old Quakeress. Nimble she scampered to the stage, stood before the crowd with her arms raised in triumph—and shrieks and roars of approval rocked the chamber.

"I am accused of adultery," (Continued on page 65)

BURLESQUE'S NEW STRIPPER STARS





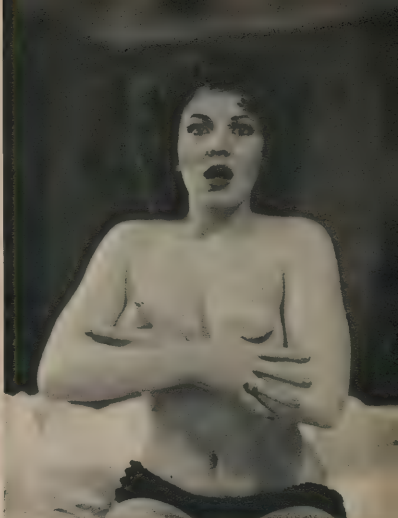
Sexy, sophisticated Blaze Starr symbolizes the arrival of a new crop of star strip-teasers on the burlesque circuits.

Ask any man-about-town to name the famous headliners of the bump-and-grinds, and chances are he'll mention Gypsy Rose Lee, Sherry Britton, Lili St. Cyr, Ann Corio, and all the other big names. Well, he'd be right, of course; but he wouldn't necessarily be up-to-date. For across the country new names, new faces, now—well, new stars are leading the parade down strip runways. On these and the following pages we'll see one of the brightest. Remember the name: Blaze Starr.



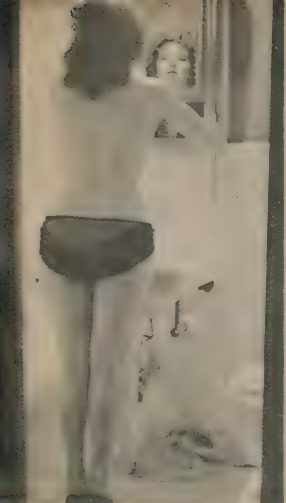


Blaze, now in her 20's, was born in Wilsondale, West Va. Her best friend? A miniature French poodle, Peaches.



She loves to do housework, but hates to wax floors. Believe it or not, Blaze's favorite dish is spaghetti.





For thrills, Blaze hunts jaguar in Mexico.
As a star, Blaze now earns \$750 a week.



Vital statistics: 5'6"; 128 lbs.; red hair, brown eyes; measures 38-24-37.



Right behind Blaze, two more newcomers are beginning to attract the attention of audiences. One is the pensive Camille (left); the other, sultry Lila Lamont (right). But for this burlesque season, at least, the limelight looks secure for the allure of Blaze (below).



IS A WOMAN MAKING YOU IMPOTENT?

A top scientist
tells how this
can happen...
emotionally

By **ROBERT MINES**
Chief Psychologist
State Hospital, Raleigh, N.C.

NOT LONG AGO, a young Chicago salesman awoke in the middle of the night to find his wife standing over him with a knife in her hand. When he spoke her name, she abruptly dropped the knife, and seemed to have no idea what had been going on.

Both he and his wife concluded she'd been walking in her sleep.

But a few weeks later the same thing happened again. And about a week after that it occurred again—and this time there was no dismissing it as a harmless, sleepwalking gesture. Because on this occasion, the husband didn't awaken until he felt a sharp pain in the lower region of his body.

Startled into sudden awakening, he found his wife was holding the knife directly at his testicles, poised in such a way that with one slash she could have castrated him.

After he'd awakened her, he told her what had happened; she was even more upset than he. Over and over, she sobbed that she was completely at a loss to explain why she should want to do such a thing.

But there were two facts they had to face: First, that she had repeatedly come to his bedside with a knife in her hand. Second, that on the one occasion when she poised the knife before he'd awakened, she'd aimed it at his genitals. Obviously, some subconscious compulsion toward castrating him had



been the motive for all these sleepwalking episodes.

They agreed that she should consult a psychiatrist.

Within a short time, fortunately, the doctor was able to get at the root of her trouble. The woman, he found, was the type, who, while superficially compliant to the idea of "wrapping herself totally up in her husband," subconsciously resented this a great deal. As a result, she'd developed a tremendous beneath-the-surface hatred for him.

"Psychiatrists know," this doctor told me later, "that ideas we can't even allow ourselves to think about

in our waking moments will often come out in dreams or in the activities we perform while sleepwalking. In this case, deeply envious of the freedom and the opportunities that her husband's 'manhood' allowed him, this woman ultimately built up a tremendous compulsion to rob him of that manhood. But because the idea was one she couldn't even let herself think about during her waking hours, it could come to the surface only while she slept."

This doctor was soon able to help the woman make a better ad-

(Continued on page 46)

**WE
FOUGHT THE
BLOODY MONSTER
OF**

**KANGRI
KALAT**

By
A. C. LARNEY

FLIES
*buzzed over the stinking mess that had been a man,
before it was stomped into jelly in the mud . . .*

FOUR YEARS AGO the biggest earthquake ever registered stirred up the Indian province of Assam like a mixmaster stirs pancake batter. Whole mountains were split open. Crevasses nearly 200 miles long cracked the Brahmaputra valley like a gutted haddock. Billions of tons of rock came bouncing down from the Himalayas and filled the ravines with stone dust. Ten thousand square miles of hide was ripped off the world and maybe 100,000 people were buried in the muck.

It's still going on. Why haven't we heard about this catastrophe? Because the Indian Provincial Government doesn't want too much interest taken in the land against the Red border of Tibet.

"Internal security, old chappie," purrs the gent who never heard of such a thing before he became a Provincial Officer.

And if the news of that earthquake had been reported, I'm damned sure I wouldn't have gone up there monsoon before last.

I got off the Calcutta train at Chabau. My business was checking tea gardens for my outfit which has its headquarters in Darjeeling. Some news of trouble had leaked out and reports from the Assam gardens had been mighty contradictory. So I had to go for a look-see. Moved nor-west from Chabau, made my way by an ancient *dak* Ford to Dibrugarh, where by raft, boat and the luck of the devil we managed to cross the Brahmaputra, a ghastly mess five miles broader than it was supposed to be.

The monsoon must have hit up the Luhit for the first thing we knew of trouble was a soft moaning in the air one evening, then a mumbling that increased like a train coming to you in a tunnel. Then the ground seemed to tremble until I had the feeling that it was a thin crust that might break through at any moment.

The river began to rise. Great boulders came rumbling down the rushing stream, rolling over and over in the mud.

Hell with this, I thought, and decided to go back to Patalipam. I was too late; the rains were on us. The ground became fissured with (Continued on page 54)



THE QUEER TRIANGLE MURDER

(Continued from page 13)

bordered on the park. He lived in Brookdale and knew Noreen and the McNicholas family. Despite his advanced years he was tireless in his search for the missing girl and became the most zealous of the volunteers.

The bitter cold weather and the lack of any progress soon chilled the ardor of most searchers, but Goebel kept on looking. On December 19, 43 days after Noreen disappeared, the first find was made and its discovery was accidental. A lineman for the Tacoma City Light Company was working in the northwest corner of Spanaway Park when he saw a woman's purse hanging on a tree. Mrs. McNicholas sobbed when she saw it later in the sheriff's office. It was her daughter's.

Officials were puzzled. Although the pocketbook was somewhat weatherbeaten, it did not look as if it had been hanging on the tree limb very long. Soon other items were picked up in the park; a rust-stained lipstick case and a house key, both belonging to Noreen. Early in January, a pair of panties that Noreen had worn was also found in the park.

Perseverance sometimes has its reward, and on January 11, 1949, the elderly handyman came up with the most important clue to date. Behind a snow-covered bush, Goebel spotted some girl's clothing, including a leopardskin coat. He notified the sheriff's office, was cautioned against touching anything, and was waiting to guide officials to his find when they arrived at the park.

There was no question that Goebel had found the missing girl's clothes and, from their icy condition, that they had been in the park for some time. The white uniform was torn as if it had been ripped from the girl's body. Even her brassiere and stockings were in tatters. All this spelled a frenzied sex killer to the officials, but they still had to find the body.

However, this latest discovery brought more people to the park to take part in the search. Five days later, a schoolboy who had wandered in with his dog to watch what was going on became bored. Whistling for his pet, he went off by himself. Not far from where Noreen's clothes had been hidden there were several moss-covered mounds. The boy jumped over one and kept on walking, but his dog stopped to investigate and soon was barking and scratching away with

his paws. The youngster went back to get his pet and was soon streaking away as fast as he could run.

The dog had uncovered part of a foot. Underneath the moss was the nude, partly decomposed body of Noreen McNicholas. The killer had scooped out some dirt without destroying the concealing moss that grew on top. Hundreds of persons had milled near the mound when the clothes had been found nearby without realizing that they were standing next to the grave.

With the finding of the body, officials centered their investigation on Goebel, the 70 year old handyman. They suspected that he had ravished the girl, an ironic compliment to his age. A few days later he was behind bars.

For almost seven weeks he was held in jail without a charge filed against him, meanwhile being questioned repeatedly. He could not be shaken from his story that he knew nothing about the murder, that he had found the clothes not because he knew where to look for them but because he kept looking everywhere. Weary officials finally gave up and released him but not before they thoughtfully had him sign a statement that his lengthy stay in jail had been voluntary. In July, Goebel was arrested once again, this time on a warrant officially charging him with the murder of Noreen McNicholas.

At a preliminary court hearing, the attorney for the elderly man protested that his client was being persecuted for no other reason than his amateur detecting. To disprove this, the court was told of the evidence that had been gathered against Goebel: Near the moss-covered grave in the park, investigators had picked up a man's shirt button, and a button was missing from one of Goebel's shirts. About five feet away from the grave they also had found a box of cough drops—not ordinary cough drops, but a brand that did not have much sale in that area. A box of this same cough drops had been found in Goebel's cabin.

The inference was that Goebel had lost the button and dropped the box of cough drops at the time he buried the body, but no information was presented as to how long the button or cough drops had been on the ground.

The court was informed of two other bits of evidence which were thought to be particularly damaging to the prisoner. First, several pairs of panties had been found in Goebel's cabin. They did not belong to the murdered girl, but again the inference was clear. And secondly, the same busy searchers had unearthed a snapshot of Noreen in his cabin.

The judge indicated his opinion of the evidence against Goebel

when he ordered him released until trial under a nominal bail of \$7,500, a most unusual procedure in a first degree murder case.

Police, though, were satisfied; as far as they were concerned they had caught Noreen's killer. The prosecutor agreed with them. But no attempt was made to place Goebel on trial.

Goebel's arrest became a political issue during the next election. Pierce County voters elected a new sheriff and a new prosecutor. Richard McCreadie, a former captain in the Los Angeles homicide division, was appointed chief criminal investigator.

Almost two years passed with the charge against Goebel held in abeyance while the murder of Noreen slipped from the memories of people. Then the case was destined to enter into a second phase that made the first one seem simple.

It began on the warm Saturday night of July 14, 1951, with a soldier and a sailor, both in Tacoma on weekend passes. They had a double date for the evening, but were facing the difficulties experienced by many young servicemen—they were low on cash. After talking their problem over and pooling their finances, they decided they had enough money to buy a bottle of whisky and take the girls dancing in the outdoor pavilion in Spanaway Park. To forestall any protests from the girls, who might want a more expensive evening in a nightclub or roadhouse, they decided to keep their plans a secret from their dates.

The boys called for the girls at their homes, promised their mothers they would not keep them out late, and set out first for a ride in the soldier's car. His date was a plump 18 year old girl with an attractive face and long glossy hair. While they rode the bottle was passed around, and when the girls asked where they were going, the boys grinned at each other and replied, "It's a secret."

The soldier finally headed for the dance pavilion. As he neared the entrance to Spanaway Park, his companion became aware of their destination. She suddenly began to scream hysterically, "Don't go into this park," and lunged for the steering wheel. The startled soldier jammed on the brakes and stared at her. The girl moaned, her eyes became glazed, and she broke out into a cold sweat. She then opened the door of the car and stumbled out, shouting and screaming again.

Patrolling nearby was Deputy Wayne Dittman, and when he heard screams he ran over.

The officer held up his hand and listened as the semi-conscious girl began to babble.

"Look out, Noreen!" she screamed, "No, no . . . Don't hurt her."

Dittman directed the boys to drive to the nearby home of Justice of the Peace Delbert Bresemann, who owned the resort in the park. By now the girl had fainted. She was carried into the house and placed on a couch while Dittman hurriedly told the judge the few disjointed words he had heard the girl say. Captain McCreadie was notified at his home and said he would come right over.

"Your friends tell us your name is Ella Mae Cooper, is that right?" he asked.

The girl nodded.

"You know something about the murder of Noreen McNicholas," he continued. "You'd better tell us about it."

This time Miss Cooper shook her head.

Captain McCreadie reversed the spool on a recorder and started it playing. The girl stared with disbelief as her voice came back at her. Almost endlessly she had repeated several phrases. "Look out, Noreen . . . No, no Noreen . . . Look out for the fence . . . He's killing her . . . Let me help her . . . Don't hurt me."

Ella Mae pressed her hands to her head and began to sob. "I thought it was a dream. I don't know if it's real."

Speaking slowly and at times haltingly, as if she were probing her mind for things she had forgotten, Ella Mae Cooper revealed that she actually had witnessed Noreen's murder. She said that on the morning of November 5, 1948, she met Noreen in a restaurant where they usually dropped in for coffee before going to classes. Noreen had been talking to a boy named Jack, another student at the beauty school. They decided to cut classes and were joined by a youth named Bob, who had no connection with the school. After driving around for a while they headed for Spanaway Park. Ella Mae said that Noreen and Jack began to quarrel about a date the girl had had. In the park they drove to a clearing near a barbed wire fence. Jack told Noreen to get out, that he wanted to take a walk with her. When Ella tried to prevent Noreen from leaving with Jack, Bob struck her and knocked her down.

When she got to her feet she saw that Jack was punching Noreen in the face and she was scratching her attacker. Noreen broke away and started to run down a path that was blocked off by the barbed wire fence. Although Ella Mae shouted a warning, the frightened girl plunged right into the fence where Jack grabbed her and started throttling her. He kept on until Noreen fell to the ground. At this point Jack began tearing off her clothes, and when he thought she moved, he kicked, punched and choked her

again. Ella Mae said that Jack was screaming for Noreen to die.

As the girl recounted the story of the murder, her voice in an hysterical pitch. With Noreen dead, she said Jack came at her, his face bleeding from scratches the murdered girl had inflicted. He grabbed her by the throat and started choking her. All this time Bob had stood by as an interested spectator, holding Ella Mae back and preventing her from going to Noreen's rescue. She said Bob saved her life by pushing Jack away and telling him that he had done enough.

Ella Mae, who had been only 15 then, said Jack thrust his face close to her and snarled, "If you ever tell anyone about this, I'll come back and kill you."

Asked for Jack's full name, the sobbing witness claimed that she could not remember. Finally, after much prodding and coaxing, and with visibly great effort, she said he was Jack Collins. As for Bob,

she had never known his last name and had not seen him since the murder. Asked to explain why she had kept silent so long, the girl said she had been too frightened to talk at first and started drinking in an attempt to forget.

Prosecutor O'Connell asked a group of psychiatrists to examine the girl. They reported they believed that she was telling the truth when she described the murder, explaining that shock and fear had developed a mental block which prevented her from telling the complete story, particularly the identity of the killer. They recommended introducing narco-synthesis through the use of truth serum. It was possible that while she was under the influence of the drug her subconscious would allow her to tell the truth.

Ella Mae agreed to undergo the experiment, stating that she was eager for the truth to be known. Her parents also assented readily.



"I was an idiot to wear this dress—he insisted on playing Tic Tac Toe!"

Prosecutor O'Connell, Sheriff Bird and Captain McCreadie were present when the drug was administered. Then a new story came from the lips of the semiconscious girl. While her description of the actual murder differed only slightly in some of the details, there was a complete change in her recounting of the earlier events. Ella Mae revealed that she had been waiting for a bus that November morning when a car drove up. In it were Bill and Bob.

The officials present exchanged glances.

This was the first time Ella Mae had used the name Bill instead of Jack.

She said Bill offered her a lift to school and then asked her where Noreen lived. Knowing that Noreen had never been friendly with him, she refused. Bill began slapping her face and twisting her arm until she told.

They found Noreen on the highway near her home, waiting for the Tacoma bus. On their way in toward school, Bill and Noreen be-

gan quarreling because she had made a date with Bob, and Bill resented boy-friend Bob's going out with girls.

Although Bob was present in the car during the quarrel, he took no part in it. Bill then drove to Spanaway Park where the murder took place. After the murder Bill told her never to refer to him except under the name of Jack Collins. He remained behind in the park with the body while Bob took her to Tacoma.

She identified Bill as Bill Smith, Jr. 28, who had been one of the older students at the beauty school. Even under the drug she was unable to identify Bob beyond his first name.

McCreadie checked the school records and found that a Bill Smith had been a student there at the time of the murder, but had dropped out of school a short time later.

Smith had left Tacoma and McCreadie started a search for him. Meanwhile, the murder charge against Goebel, now 72, was dismissed in court.

Arrested in Tacoma, Smith was placed on trial in January, 1952, and the case quickly developed into two separate murder trials, with the prosecution presenting witnesses against Smith and the defense presenting witnesses trying to prove that Goebel was the killer and should be on trial. Ella Mae was on the witness stand for three days, most of the time under harsh cross-examination.

The jury returned with a first degree murder verdict and Smith was sentenced to hang. But a new trial motion was granted.

The second trial began in mid-June, 1952, with most of the same witnesses again in the stand. The prosecution, however, sprang a surprise just before closing the people's case. Two of Smith's cellmates testified that Smith had admitted the murder to them.

The second jury deliberated for 24 hours and then found Smith guilty of second-degree murder which carries an indeterminate sentence of 10 years to life imprisonment.

IS A WOMAN MAKING YOU IMPOTENT?

(Continued from page 41)

justment to her married state. When this occurred, she was able to relinquish the strong subconscious jealousy she'd directed toward her husband, and her nocturnal journeying ceased.

The psychiatrist who told me of this case remarked that it was the only instance he'd ever known where a wife had directly tried to castrate her husband. But for much the same reasons that prompted her to attempt this act, countless scores of women are currently attempting the same deed in more subtle fashion. Women have been trying to do this to their men, as a matter of fact, from the beginning of time.

Perhaps history's most famous example of a "castrating" woman was Delilah. She knew that the most outstanding sign of the manhood of Samson was his hair—the source of all his physical prowess.

Actually there isn't much difference between her doing this and the action of one Chicago housewife who not long ago contemptuously informed her husband that she was going to take all his pants and make them over into slacks for her.

"You don't need pants," she sneered at him. "Pants are for men."

The slight on his manhood was so vicious that the man ended up

in a psychiatric ward.

There was also the case of one Michigan housewife whose husband had the reputation for being the best-dressed man in town. She knew he gave so much attention to his clothes because, when naked, he felt himself a scrawny runt. Sadistically, she would insist that he wear only shorts while working in their yard—"so that you won't go messing up your good clothes." He'd sometimes end up sick with humiliation over people seeing him on these occasions.

Worse yet, she refused to have intimate relations with him unless they were both nude. Then she'd accompany these moments with biting comments about his scrawny body. Ultimately he became completely impotent.

The wife had succeeded in rendering him just as castrated as if she had slashed him with a knife.

What makes some women do this? What type of men are most likely to be affected by it? These, authorities say, are questions to which too few men actually know the answers.

But men need to know. Because more and more women are working "psychological" castrations upon them. According to Dr. T.A. Pincock, psychiatrist for the Province of Manitoba, for instance, women already dominate their husbands in over a third of all marriages.

Whenever a woman does anything that robs her husband of even a degree of his masculinity, she is, in effect, working toward his "castration." Sometimes, experts say, women will do it acci-

dentally; others will do it only occasionally. But there are other women, unfortunately, who'll attempt it consistently.

Investigation shows that the "castrating" woman is probably becoming more common with every year that passes. The reason, experts say, is that 50 years ago the woman with deep envy of men would ultimately find herself so involved in the feminine duties of keeping house, raising a family, and laboriously producing by hand so many of the comforts of life now machine-produced, that she didn't have time to envy the man any of his responsibilities.

What can be done? Frankly, experts say, the extremely "castrating" woman—the one whose rejection of the feminine role is really intense—is about the worst matrimonial risk there is. If you don't wake up to this fact until you've married her, however, and you think the marriage worth saving, attempt to have her secure first-class psychiatric help.

Best results occur, experts agree, when the husband does his level best to help his wife realize herself as a woman—when he attempts to show her that she is appreciated and respected; when he attempts to help her gain a feeling of accomplishment through womanly pursuits; when he attempts to have her gain the feeling that a woman's own life can be rich and wonderful.

As a matter of fact, this is what he needs to do. Because when women really turn loose on men's masculinity, they can sometimes drive them to impotence or insanity.

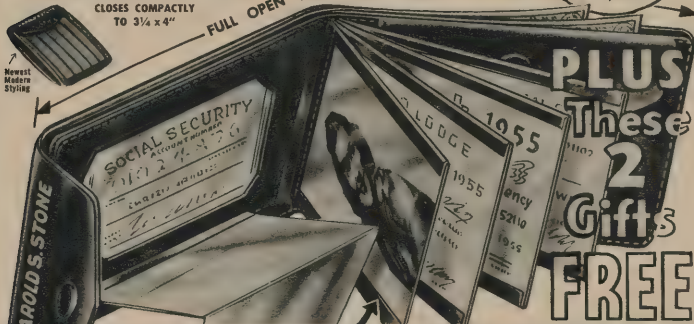
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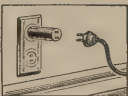


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DUELED DEATH ON THE ISLE OF NUDES

(Continued from page 12)

cent. Jens retained his trunks, possibly out of consideration for us.

After a while we swam to the beach. Jo walked out of the sea like a queen-size Aphrodite, her shreds of bathing suit in her hand. Brother! Imagine the most luscious female you ever coveted in nothing but a rosy blush that reached to her toes! Ruth looked alarmed and Doris' cultured accents became a little metallic. It was about four when the dignified ladies appeared, elegant, though nude, with their gilegos.

One of them, introduced as Gino Salvetti, kept a gloomy and penetrating stare on Jo, registering, deep passion. She, for Jen's benefit, arched her pretty back and batted her eye lashes at such a rate that Salvetti thought she was for him and invited her for a walk. With a wistful glance at Jens, she got up and disappeared behind a rock with the panting Italian.

Almost immediately there was an indignant squeak. I got there in time to see Jo, a new bruise on her beautiful bottom, clout that gilego right across his handsome puss. He gasped, glared and slapped her.

I let him have it—but good. He got up, dilated his nostrils at me and stalked back to the party.

After we were all dressed, Jens invited us to stay for dinner. I mumbled something about the ferry.

"Stay tonight," he urged. "I can sail you back tomorrow."

The only ones who were not delighted were Doris and I.

We danced a little but by bed time Doris was in horrible temper and Jo was nervous as a cat. Naldi, who seemed amused, suggested I share his room. James stayed with Jens and the girls slept all together at the other end of the villa.

"Thus," Naldi said gravely. "No one will be lost."

No one was lost, until that fool gilego's challenge came. Now it looked as though I was lost.

I crept out to the terrace where James sat staring into his coffee cup. Jo, dripping wet and wrapped in an enormous towel, came up from the beach with Jens. Her lovely eyes widened as James told her the news. She ran over, clutching me to her. There was, as I suspected, nothing but Jo under that towel.

"You mustn't, darling," she whispered. "Not a duel! Not over me!" She drew herself up. "But how wonderful, how romantic."

"Everything is arranged," Naldi said. "At the baroness' at five o'clock."

"Look," I bleated. "What the hell am I going to do? I've never had a damned sword in my hand."

"You know something?" Naldi said. "The adversary a swordsman fears most is the novice. You know why? Because a novice doesn't know the rules of fencing. The swordsman don't know what he will do next. That makes him dangerous."

"Seems to me there's an element of danger to the novice, too." I said bitterly.

So help me it was like a circus. There was a tennis court and seats along one side. In those seats, smoking cigarettes and talking, were people. Ladies in smart dresses, men in their best clothes. My slaughter was to be formal, evidently. They sat up when we walked on to the court. Down in front as an angular day with pink hair, sparkling with diamonds like a Christmas tree. She had a goat-bearded old bird on each side of her. To her left was Jens, looking solemn in a dark suit, between Gladys and Doris. James, a bit scared, sat with Ruth and Jo. My Jo gazed at me proudly, her blonde head high, her blue eyes tragic.

I looked at a long, leather case. I looked quickly away.

Naldi stepped into a corner for a conference with Salvetti's second. The little doctor came on and looked us over. A tall guy in tight black RAGE—NUDIST 2 clothes and a top hat began pacing off distances.

"Don't forget what I told you," Naldi said gloomily. "Keep your sword arm straight. Keep your point in his face at all times. Do not attack. Do not parry. Just keep your sword up. If he comes close enough to hurt you, he will be close enough for you to hurt him. Remember that!"

"Look—"

"If he should lose his head and rush you, profile and take him in quarte." He touched his left breast.

The tall man stepped forward, took our sword points and placed them together. Naldi edged me into position. The tall man stepped back.

"Engage!"

I crouched, left hand behind my head as Naldi had shown me, right arm out, nails up, point high.

I moved forward.

He backed up. Hell! This wasn't so bad. Maybe he was as scared as I was.

I knocked down his point. It whipped and slid past my wrist like a snake.

I retreated, but fast! He came on and I struck desperately. He backed; his sword point dropped. I took my original safe stance—the hell with experiments.

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He was sweating freely now. I watched his eyes; they were on my sword instead of on me. He took a lunge, his blade chattering on mine. I backed up. My legs were tiring. My back ached and my fore arm, twisted in the unfamiliar grip was agony.

Then, suddenly, I got mad. This guy was as scared as I was. He had no idea of getting close enough to be hurt. But my arm was heavy as lead, my point was dropping.

I set my teeth, struck hard at his blade, and lunged!

My sword touched something. I heard a yell. I spun back and saw Salvotti lying on the concrete, bleeding like a pig.

There were shouts. Jo was staring open-mouthed, pale as a ghost as Jens hurried her away. The doctor ran to Salvotti. Naldi grabbed my arm.

"This way," he said calmly. "The police!"

We ran to the villa. Jens was there passing drinks, with everyone having a hell of a good time.

"No harm done," James said. "Good work, kid."

"What happened?" I said, grab-

bing a drink. "Where's Jo?"

"Salvotti's okay. You're sword scraped his ribs, that's all."

"Where is Jo?" I felt a bit put out that she wasn't there to welcome the conquering hero.

"She left this note," James said. With numb fingers I opened the envelope.

"It is best we do not meet again," she had written. "My only regret is that I did not recognize what I thought was friendship for the brutal, passive, jealous passion your feeling towards me really was. I shall remain here to do all in my power to make up to Captain Salvotti for your vindictive and murderous attack upon him."

"I don't get it," I said.

"I do," Doris said. "Next time you fight for a lady's honor dearie, make sure you lose. It's the only way."

I said goodbye and went down the hill. Outside the post office a slender brunette, with seductive wriggles was taking off a pair of trunks. She left me cold. I walked out on the jetty to wait for the ferry.

I RUN A GIRLIE-SHOW RACKET

(Continued from page 29)

until all three lay in a row.

"Okay, where's the red one?"

It was a cinch. Without even trying, I knew it was the middle one. Arnie sighed heavily.

"I ain't fast enough," he complained. "You have to be fast."

Four more guys wandered over. They watched with interest.

"It's in the middle," one said.

"You want to bet?" Arnie tossed a half a buck onto the middle card.

"Hell, yes," One of the kids added his own half, turned over the card, and we all saw the Queen of Spades.

"Let it ride," said Arnie. He left the money, gathered up the cards again and showed everyone that the red lady was on the bottom. Then he began to drop them on the table. The bottom one went to his left. Once the cards were down, he picked them up, two at a time, and began to switch their positions. Still, it wasn't hard to follow the red queen's progress.

The kid pointed at the one on the right. He won.

"Dammit, I just ain't fast enough," Arnie said bitterly.

He played some more. I took a buck on the middle card and won. Someone else lost. Before long we had a session going. Arnie kept trying to throw the cards around faster, and it was pathetic. He just

wasn't good enough.

One punk bet five and lost. He grabbed up the black card, cursed, and threw it away.

"Hey," said Arnie, "Don't get mad."

He bent under the table for the card. Quick as a flash, the punk peeked at the other two cards, found the red one, and turned up the corner slightly.

Arnie reappeared, stacked the cards without noticing the bent corner, and spread them out. He moved the pasteboards around, and I kept my eye on the red one. Even without the bent corner, it would have been easy. With it, it was a cinch. Eventually they rested with the marked card in the middle.

"Five bucks," said the punk.

"Okay," Arnie said. "Let's see it."

"Well—I got it back at the hotel. You know I'm good for it."

Arnie grinned and shook his head. I felt the fever boil through me. I took out 20 and started to bet. Then I saw the faces of the other guys. They all knew where the red queen was, and they knew I knew. Their eyes said: you're a sucker if you don't take him while you can!

I laid down 50 bucks. Arnie seemed to go white, but he managed to dig it up, what with small change and all.

Then I flipped over the card. It was black.

Arnie scooped up the cards—and the dough. I couldn't believe what had happened. I was positive I'd played the card with the creased corner.

I got mixed up, hot, angry, and ready to fight, all at once.

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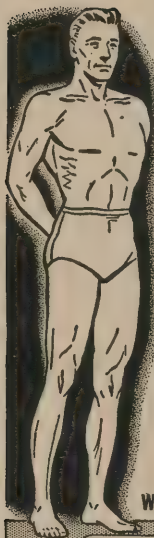
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BUTY C. S. BROS

drop out. Say you drop. Then someone else plays. It will be a stick.

The dealer, who talks constantly, says "sting it and sling it," but who except a stick would notice?

The stick picks the wrong card, and throws it away, cursing. While the dealer is looking for it, the stick finds the red card and bends back its corner.

This is called a "lug," or in the case of a very large bend, a "Georgia lug."

Suddenly, you find yourself pushed back to the table. Everyone is cheering you on. Their voices ring in your ears:

"He'd take your money—go ahead and take his!"

"Now's your chance!"

You haul out 20.

"Hell, bet him 50! Give it to him good! Now's your chance to get even!"

You bet 50 . . . a hundred . . .

And the black queen grins up at you.

WE FOUGHT THE BLOODY MONSTER OF KANGRI KALAT

(Continued from page 42)

running streams. Every hour or so there'd be that long roll of thunderous avalanche and millions of Tons of mud and trees slid off the flanks of the mountain above us.

We slithered and scrambled over what was left of the road to Lakimpur. Their bridge was out, too. Nothing to do but get back to Patalipam and wait for their bridge to be fixed. So we moved slowly, taking no chances, rounding tracks that were fastened to cliffsides by iron brackets, dodging showers of mud and brush, stepping carefully around dozens of snakes hurt or killed in the slides, that littered every scrap of sheltered ground.

I had with me my servant, Bhopat Singh, and four Mishmi carriers for camp gear and food. I had no weapons and after we had seen a rhino right on the track ahead of us (and he showing his teeth and thinking long before he tossed his tiny tail and trotted off) I decided we'd better find some sort of shelter where there were other people and, maybe, a patrol of Assam Rifles.

We turned off the main trail to a hill path that ended with the remains of a village the Mishmis said was Kangri Kalat. Remains was right. A landslide had gouged half the village away leaving a livid slash from summit to valley where there was nothing but strata of rock and clay beside the remaining huts that housed about 80 hill people gathered there when their own homes had been destroyed.

SECRET No. 3. An experienced dealer, while picking up the cards, can remove the lug from the red card and put it on a black one.

So you've bet and you've lost. Sure, I've told you the secrets. Even if you memorize them, you can't beat the mob. Because just the slightest variation in routine will throw you off. The mob flourishes by turning your own crookedness against you.

If you're stupid enough to play, you're bound to lose. But if you went ahead and did anyway, and really need the dough, go down to the carnival office to lose it, and yell at the top of your voice, "I was cheated! I was cheated! I was cheated!"

Because you were. They'll laugh at you, soft-soap you, make you ashamed and leave you feeling like a fool. But the law only stays bought to a certain point, and if you persist, there's a chance you'll get your dough back.

The people ganged around us clamoring for backshish and food. One man, apparently the leader, screamed and howled, beating his forehead and pointing wildly towards a sort of dugout shelter built around a cave in the hillside.

"Airplane coming every week, Huzoor," Bhopat Singh reported. "Bring paddi, dhal, ghee."

The leader, who said he was the town watchman, screamed again. His followers joined in, bawling as they tugged at the Mishmis to drag them to the dugout under the cliff. "Hathi!" gasped Bhopat Singh.

"What the hell are they doing with an elephant?" I shouted.

We followed them to where a stone wall made a small compound around the entrance to some sort of storage dugout.

I looked at a stinking mess over which flies buzzed. It had been a man or men, pounded and stomped into the muck. As we stared into the blackness under the eaves, a young man, yelling something, ran into the compound and hurried a rock into the dugout.

There was a terrifying squeal, shrill with fury.

The young man fled as the head of an elephant appeared in the doorway. Its ears were tattered rags, the tusks, long, thin and stained black with blood; the temples were hollow and a long, suppurating wound had opened one shoulder. The trunk was raised, searching our scent and the little, white, pig-eyes were vicious with torment.

The brute backed, limping into the darkness.

"Twenty seven people he has killed," Bhopat Singh told me. "Two weeks ago, he came out of the jungle. The people watched him where he lay hurt in the foreleg. Then, when the airplane came with



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He rushed the native who barely got away with his life. That afternoon the people gathered about my shelter screaming for help. I gave them all the food I dared. And still they prowled about the hut like wolves, fingering their dahs and making me wonder how long it would take them to get up enough nerve to rush us.

Lucky for me the patrol turned up that evening. There were just a havildar and three riflemen; the rest had been killed in a rockslide.

They had four rifles and 20 rounds of service ammunition between them. I told the villagers not to worry any more.

The patrol was in a state—starved, exhausted. The riflemen would not be much use until they'd been rested; it was up to the havildar and me. We divided the ammunition. The pointed nickel bullets would go through an elephant like needles; we had to have something with stopping-power. I drew the bullets and reversed them so that the flat bases were forward. That would spoil their accuracy but the bullets would keyhole on impact and maybe bring him down. Trouble was the patrol had been flooded more than once and the ammo didn't look too reliable.

The riflemen were happy to stay behind. They had been stalked by tigers, they said; rocks bigger than houses had bowled into them like tinpins and their rissaldar had been crushed by one.

A screeching mob waited for the havildar and me, howling with fear, followed us to where the rogue lurked, wounded and hungry. Our rifles seemed to have assured them they need have no fear. They rushed into the little compound, hurled rocks and abuse and scampered out bold as lions. We had over half an hour's work to clear them out of our way.

Then I posted the havildar at one side of the doorway, stood back from it and tossed stones in the hope of luring him out. We heard him grunting and fidgeting about. But there was no sight of him. Bhopat Singh came running with a rice bag. This we weighted with dirt and heaved into the yard.

The elephant came out like a train.

I fired, hit him in the head, fired again and saw dirt flick from his shoulder. He wheeled with astonishing quickness to come at me.

The havildar fired into his stern. He screamed and lunged into the dugout. We could hear him sniffing and whimpering in there while the villagers came back again dancing and shouting until the riflemen chased them away.

I began to feel sorry for the poor brute.

"Havildar," I called. "I shall go before the door. When he comes

out to kill me, you shoot!"

"Bahut atcha, Huzoor!" he called from beside the door.

I checked my magazine, bolted another round into the chamber and stepped into the open. Beside my foot was the slimy puddle that remained of the *bunya*. The rain was teeming down and little brown splashes filled the yard.

I called to the elephant, stamped my foot, moved until I thought I could see the bulk of him in the gloom.

I fired.

He came at me trumpeting with rage.

I got off another shot and the next cartridge jammed. I heard the *havildar* firing as I jerked madly at the bolt.

The elephant was on me. I saw the trunk upraised and jumped to one side. My feet tangled and that's what saved my neck.

I was already going over when the lashing trunk caught me and spun me like a top. I don't know where the rifle went but I ended up in a sort of gutter under the wall. I had enough sense to roll as close to the wall as possible as he was on me, tusking savagely at the rocks, slamming with his stinking trunk.

But he couldn't get at me. There were yell and shots. The brute reared up and I saw his great forefoot coming down. But it wavered and he turned. I scrambled like a bloody rabbit to get over that wall. But I couldn't move a muscle.

He wheeled again to slap me down. But that was all. I hung there, eyes popping, while he suddenly collapsed, sitting on his haunches like a dog. I saw tears in his eyes and the trunk unraised.

Then he went over on one side, sending mud and water over everything.

The *havildar*, mud from head to foot stooed, bandy legs apart, his forage cap very much on one side, grinning at me.

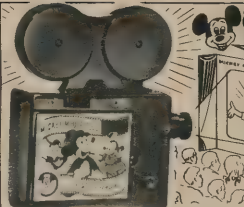
"Thank you, *havildar bahadur*!"

He saluted, and turned to yell for his riflemen.

The people came, hysterical with joy. They brought knives and *dahs* to carve the elephant. We found 14 bullet holes in him and a horrible wound made by the *bunya*'s slug in the root of one tusk. That gigantic toothache must have been enough to drive him mad without the rest of his troubles. The gash in his shoulder, caused probably by a sharp rock or a jagged tree branch was filled with maggots. We found part of a tattoo in one ear and that proved he had belonged at some time to a timber concession or maybe some local rajah. Anyway I took one ivory and gave the *havildar* two months pay for the other. So everyone was satisfied.

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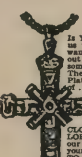
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THERE'S NOTHING BAD ABOUT ROCK 'N' ROLL

(Continued from page 23)

Moore, a guitar player, and Scotty in turn introduced me to a bass player, Bill Black. We worked together, trying this song and that, and then we went to see if we could fit something together we thought worth recording. Nothing seemed to work out. It was like a young girl making a cake that kept falling flatter than a pancake. Then I remembered a tune called *That's All Right, Mamma*.

And the cake turned out fine. All at once the swing of it, the real feeling of singing great, and knowing that you are singing great, caught up with us. We knew we were really turning it on. And when we listened to the playback, we all got really excited. It moved.

So that's how the unknown lady fits into my story. Without her, I'd still be a young guitar player working my way around the small towns of the South, earning a living where I could. Instead, I'm the owner of four Cadillacs. And this year I can expect to make a pretty good living.

It all goes back to 1935, when I was born. That was in the town of Tupelo, Mississippi, a town of around 10,000 people. I guess a lot of people have never heard of Tupelo. It's a farming town, sells tools to the farmers around, and buys their cotton.

My dad's name is Vernon. He farmed, he was on WPA for a while, did a lot of things working out a living in hard times for himself his wife (that's my mother, Gladys), and his little boy.

And that was where I did my first singing, in a church choir. I never really learned much about reading music, or the theory behind it. I guess music just came naturally to me. My Uncle Vester Presley, he played guitar. He used to come over to our house, times, and sit around twanging that thing. I guess he was my first influence, the man who influenced me to take up that instrument.

But it wasn't until a good deal later, until I was 13, in fact, that I actually got a guitar of my own. It cost me \$12.95, and I couldn't have been more proud of it than if it cost ten times that amount. I worked away hard at it, and pretty soon I learned how to manage it, learned how to use it to accompany my singing.

Yes, I loved that old guitar. Even when I finally got around to getting a better one, I was sorry to part with it. I turned it in as a trade-in, and when I saw the dealer



The author sets his fans rockin' and rollin'.

toss my Old Faithful into the ash-can I nearly cried.

By that time we weren't living in Tupelo any longer. My Dad moved us to Memphis, where he figured to get a better living. Memphis was where I really began to come on as a singer. I used to entertain at the high school, maybe sing for the kids in the auditorium, or just around after school. I liked that very much.

I guess I was just like any other kid in school. I played around, I went out on dates, and the rest of it. But always underneath I had this thing kicking me, this thing that made me want to sing.

About that time I first grew the sideburns I wear. They've become a kind of trademark with me. As I grow older I'm not so sure that they look as good as I used to think. But people have gotten used to

them, and I'll keep them for a while.

At first I used to get ribbed about them. But I always felt that a person who's going to get along in the entertainment world, he's got to be distinctive. Because sometimes you get only one chance to hit your audience with what you've got to offer. And if they don't remember you the first time, you're pretty much a dead duck. So that's the reason for the sideburns.

Even though I wanted nothing more than to be able to play my guitar and sing on the stage, I had to think first about making a little money to support myself. So I went to work in Memphis, driving a truck. Later on I went to work in an office. And that was where Sam Phillips found me. And that was just the beginning of my love affair with good old rock 'n' roll.

WE BLASTED THE GOOK TRAP

(Continued from page 11)

ground or rise up to where it would break up the clouds. We were not more than 300 yards in front of the main enemy line, and moving roughly parallel to it, with the outposts at our rear to cut us off in case we were spotted. If the moon broke through at this point, we were dead.

Peewee held us up the next time we hit an irrigation ditch.

"I don't know exactly where we are, but according to what I can tell, we're within four or five hundred yards of where the plane spotted the major. From here on we can

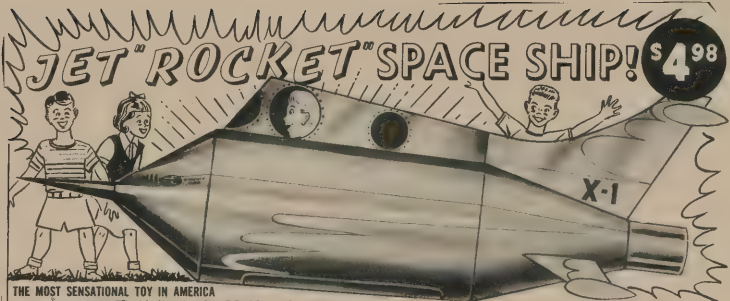
just crawl forward and hope for the—"

Suddenly a grinding roar ripped the air as the motor of a tank came to life and sent the treads clanking across a field.

In the silence of the blackness it sounded not more than 20 yards away, and the startled Mike leaped a good foot off the ground. I grabbed him and we lay there, scared with the gut-splitting fear that only a soldier can know.

The tank stopped, turned, revved up its motors to a full-throttle pitch, then charged off again. In a few seconds it stopped and repeated the procedure. Overhead the breeze was working on the clouds, and it wouldn't be long before the moon began to show through. I told Peewee and he nodded.

"There are probably machine guns supporting that tank, plus men."



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Suddenly the moon broke through most of the clouds for several seconds and gave us a glimpse of the scene.

We couldn't see the machine guns or the men, but there was the major tied to a tree, his head drooping onto his chest like he'd already been executed. Turning slowly, with a grinding clash of gears and screeching track, was the tank, a light recon job they had captured from us.

We watched horrified as it completed its turn and bore down on the major at full speed. Just when we were sure it was going to run right over him and drive his mangled body three feet into the ground, it turned aside.

The major didn't move, and I found myself hoping he was already dead. In the light I couldn't tell whether it was dirt or blood all over his arms, but I knew it was probably both. The Gooks are great ones for using a man for live bayonet practice and seeing how long they can keep him alive.

The light from the moon vanished then: Pee wee tugged at my arm.

"Give me that blow pipe you're carrying and we'll tackle the tank."

"Nothing doing," I whispered. "How about the ambush you were worried about?"

I could feel Pee wee grin that sly smile of his. "Take over, sergeant. They're your job." He grabbed the blow pipe from my shoulder and started to crawl away. He had the ammo for it.

"Hey do you even know the major is still alive? Looked dead to me."

"I don't, but I'm going to roast them in that tank anyhow."

Pee wee started forward, then stopped.

"Remember that clump of bushes near where the tank turned? Well, I'm going to be there the next time the tank gets there. You circle around and cover me from the other side, okay?"

The roar of the tank rose and fell as it raced back and forth across the small clearing. It waited until the moon came out before making a pass at the major, but the rest of the time it gunned the motor, as if licking its chops in anticipation of devouring him.

I tapped Beans on the shoulder and crawled off to the left, Mike beside me. The moon stayed dark until we were halfway across the little clearing, but it came out for an instant and I froze, not daring even to turn my head and see if the tank was swinging its turret around to pump us full of lead.

Finally the clouds covered it again and we crawled forward hastily, not worried anyone could hear us over the noise of the tank.

I left Beans where he could see what was going on and took Mike with me to look for the men who

must be supporting the tank. We found them just as Pee wee let loose at the tank.

First there is the rushing *whoosh* of the rocket as it leaves the launcher, then the first *boom* as it hits the tank, then the agonizing wait until you find out if you've knocked it out, and finally the tremendous roar when the gas tank catches fire and explodes. This time it scattered the steel of the tank like so much tin foil and cooked the Gooks trapped inside until they looked like French fried potatoes—only red-black.

As instant later, a machine gun cut loose right in front of me.

In those first horrified seconds, I was sure we had been spotted and a wave of screaming Chinese would swarm all over us with fixed bayonets, but before I could untangle myself from the underbrush and get my pistol in action I realized the Gooks on the machine gun were just as scared as I was.

Someone had knocked their tank out of business and now they were firing at anything and everything. Behind me I could see the fire from the burning wreckage of the tank, and I didn't like the idea of being silhouetted. I hoped Beans had enough sense to stay put.

I grabbed Mike and headed further to the left to sneak in behind the machine gun, and the only time we stopped moving was when they stopped to change belts. The rest of the time the noise covered us perfectly.

I pulled three hand grenades out of my pocket. "Make sure they don't hit a branch and bounce back at us," I whispered to Mike.

We weren't 15 yards from the Gooks—four of them as far as I could see—and, except for a few branches, we had a clear toss at them.

"One," I whispered.

I tried to look through the trees and see what Pee wee was doing, whether he'd been hit or captured, whether the major was alive or dead. . . .

"Two."

The moon came out brightly for a moment, but I still couldn't see enough detail through the trees to know why the machine gun suddenly started firing again. It worried me.

"Three."

I tossed two underhand, pulled the pin on the third and started counting again. "One." I heard the grenades hit branches and I hugged the ground in case one came back.

Boom, boom—and instant's hesitation—*boom, boom!*

The machine gun stopped.

"Two."

There were screams of agony and sounds of thrashing in the brush.

"Three." I tossed my last grenade,

followed a moment after by two from Mike. The screams ended and the thrashing stopped.

We waited for a second, then rushed back to the clearing. We were just in time to see the moon come out, showing Pee wee and Beans carrying the stretcher at a trot toward the irrigation ditch where we'd first heard the tank. Mike and I raced after them.

From here on in, we had no time to waste. The Gooks would alert their outposts right away, and probably send a patrol to intercept us. We caught up with Pee wee and Beans before they got to the ditch. They grinned and set out at a dog-trot.

The last-second whine of an incoming mortar sent us sprawling. It sounded just like a zipper being pulled too fast. *Boom*. Flat and hollow. It was off to the left of us, too far away to do any damage, but close enough to lend wings to our feet.

Another mortar slammed in behind us, closer but not close enough. Then another to the right and a fourth to the left. They almost seemed to know where we were and were zeroing in on us, and Pee wee swerved further to the right.

Mike and I traded off with Pee wee and Beans, and we relaxed when the mortars began landing further and further to our left. The Gooks had guessed wrong about our route. "Damn bunch of amateurs," Pee wee chuckled, "I wish they were always this stupid."

He hopped on ahead, then lead us slowly through the line of enemy outposts. "How's the major?" I asked Beans.

"Can't tell," he said. "Seemed to be alive when we put him on the stretcher."

A minute or so later, long after the need for distracting the Gooks was gone, our own mortars began to duel with theirs, and we crossed the flat of no-man's-land between the two lines of outposts knowing the little tear-shaped bundles of death were flying overhead.

We were almost home when it happened.

Pee wee had stopped to give the pass word to our outpost when the world exploded beside him. He took the full force of a heavy mortar shell. He landed ten feet away with no legs and only one arm and not enough of his insides still intact to fill a cup.

We left him where he lay and crawled cautiously over the ridge and down to Battalion Aid.

There was a gaping hole in the side of the stretcher, the major had taken a piece of shell fragment. The doc shook his head.

"This guy has been dead for hours," he said.

Mike and I went back on the line and tried to forget about Pee wee.

FANGS AT MY THROAT

(Continued from page 19)

and yanked the trigger. There was a snap, a hiss, a brief pause and then a roar as a pound of hardware went sailing across the river. The recoil rocked the native back two feet.

But the shot fell short. Way short. Several gory muzzles rose up out of the tall grass and looked around. I jerked my rifle to my shoulder and squeezed off a round. More bloody noses popped up, expressing curiosity instead of fear.

Hafiz called on Lord Vishnu and a dozen other assorted Gods to damn the animals. But the Gods weren't listening that day.

I let go with the other barrel. I might as well have been using popcorn.

"They not afraid," Hafiz observed. "Can't we cross this river someplace?" I asked angrily.

"Too late," Hafiz looked very depressed. "Too late then."

Muktar's cannon roared again and this time a bundle of red fur bounced into the air on the other side of the river. It had been sneaking closer to the bank for a better look at us. Now its mangled body was only a few yards away, across the water. Muktar smiled happily and patted his old weapon.

A moment after the shot was fired, the other *kuttas* retreated back to the jungle, apparently sensing that one of them had been hit. I looked at the motionless body across the river.

"Hafiz!" I turned to the now smiling *shikari*. "The *jungli-kutta* is only a dog! A wild dog!"

"Yes," He nodded. "That's what I try to say. A dog. Wild dog!"

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I had two choices. I could either pull out of my block altogether and go poaching in other sectors, or I could stay where I was and hunt

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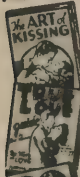
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down that pack of dogs. They weren't exactly big game, but there would be a lot of satisfaction in clobbering them.

But for the next three days we didn't see a sign of the *kuttas*—or anything else. On the fourth day I decided to do a little poaching. We left our hunting block and spent several hours hiking through other areas. It was the same everywhere. All the game had moved out. It was like walking through as especially dull part of an overhunted Vermont forest.

Late that afternoon we split up, each of us going in a different direction.

Suddenly Muktar's antique roared through the forest.

I started running in his direction. The trees parted into a clearing and on the other side of a *nullah* I could see the caved-in roof of an old Buddhist temple. I shouted Muktar's name and his head bobbed up in the sagging doorway. Close to the front of the temple, spattered in the grass, was the mangled body of a *kutta*.

Muktar motioned for me to hurry into the old red-clay building. A moment later, from the other end of the *nullah*, Hafiz appeared, hugging his little .22 rifle and crouching low with the furtive look of a stalking hunter. Muktar made a lot of gestures which I didn't understand. Then Hafiz climbed into the temple.

"Down," he directed. "Get down. Wait. Other *kuttas* come soon."

"They're probably halfway to Nagpur by now," I said, waving at the dead one outside.

"No. You wait." Hafiz smiled. "Get ready."

I put a couple of shells into my .375. It was a lot of firepower to use on wild dogs. But so was Muktar's cannon.

We waited. After several minutes a low whimpering sound rolled up from the edge of the clearing. Then a little blur of red appeared, inching its way slowly through the grass. I wet my lips and brought my rifle into position. Hafiz put a restraining hand on my shoulder.

Another *kutta* appeared. And another. Three of them, all whimpering, all nosing their way slowly through the grass. They seemed like sad, lost little pups now, looking for their lost friend.

One of the trio found the body and nosed it, whimpering loudly. The other two hurried over. They stood close together, moaning mournfully. Hafiz nudged me. It was point-blank range. I aimed at the closest one and fired.

The blast echoed off the walls of the temple for two minutes but the .375 had done the job. That single shot had sliced through all three

dogs like a cannon-ball through the Light Brigade. Hafiz and Muktar patted me on the back, smiling happily.

A few minutes later two more animated blobs of red came out of the jungle, whimpering and sniffing the ground. It was too easy. We waited. We fired. We killed. And we waited some more.

"Let's call it a day," I said. "Looks like no more are coming."

Hafiz shook his head and tilted it, listening animal-like. His hands tightened on his .22. Muktar was listening too. But I couldn't hear a thing. Hafiz's smile was gone.

"More coming." He whispered. "All coming."

"All? Where?" I couldn't see any movement at all in the growing gloom outside. Then my ears caught a slight, sickly whimper. But it was coming from behind us! I whirled.

Hafiz had heard it first and his .22 was the first to speak. A few feet behind us, coming through a wide crack in the old wall, was the bared-fanged muzzle of a *Kutta*! His dark eyes were glowing with hate.

The .22 blasted once, twice, a third time. The ugly head dissolved in a flash of red and white pulp.

"Sahib!" Muktar shouted behind me. "More dogs were moving on us from the front. They weren't looking for fallen comrades anymore."

They were stalking—us!

Hastily I calculated our firepower. Hafiz's rifle held six rounds at a time. Muktar could fire once, then it took him ten minutes to reload. I could get off two rounds at a time. If the pack was big, we wouldn't have a chance!

"Tell Muktar to hold his fire!" I shouted to Hafiz.

The *shikari* looked puzzled but obeyed.

Now the dogs were whining loudly, crawling towards us on their bellies, fangs bared, ready to leap. I fired once and got the two closest ones. Quickly I slipped a fresh shell into the hot barrel. Hafiz, guarding the crack in the rear, blasted three more times before he succeeded in dropping another dog. Then he knelt on one knee and started to reload.

In that instant, another *kutta* popped through the opening. Hafiz called out and I twisted. The dog was in, springing through the air straight at Hafiz. My shot caught him in space and slammed back against the wall.

The whole pack was attacking! Muktar cried out in terror and clawed at the trigger of his rifle. It shook the whole temple when it went off. But it laid waste to the animals outside.

I jabbed two more shells into my weapon. I could hear Hafiz's .22 stuttering vainly above the whim-

pering, wailing dogs. Muktar was cursing and trying to swab out his old matchlock. A dog came springing through the door. I fired, catching it in the flanks and spinning it around in mid-air. It dropped in a motionless heap.

The already crowded rubble-filled temple seemed to be suddenly swarming with snarling, clawing *kuttas*. Muktar had stopped trying to reload and was flailing the air with his old musket. I fired off my last round, killing two dogs and putting a neat round hole in the side of the building. Hafiz was pumping lead into the open crack. Then his gun fell silent.

Our guns were empty and the dogs were still coming! One of them, as red as the dusk itself, leaped for Muktar's bare, sagging belly and one paw clawed across it before he cracked its skull with his rifle-stock. Hafiz held a big stone in one hand, his .22 in the other, and clouted every snapping head in range.

One head detached itself from the rest and came sailing straight towards my face! I could see the lips curling up to expose the vicious white fangs and the paws were outstretched, nails extended, aiming for my flesh. I whipped my rifle up in a vertical butt stroke that smashed the animal to the floor, its head split open like an over-ripe melon. Another one took its place, springing to sink into my leg. I crumpled its skull with a quick downward thrust.

Hafiz screamed.

A dog was raking its claws across his back, trying to bury its teeth in his neck. Muktar half-turned and slammed at the animal with his rifle-butt. It went crashing against the wall and fell to the floor foaming and whimpering.

Then, suddenly, there was only one dog left, circling between us as we stood bloody and gasping in the middle of the temple surrounded by a broken member of the pack. Hafiz snarled and hurled his rock at it. There was a loud snap and the dog fell, howling, its spine broken. Muktar brought his rifle butt down on its head several times until broken teeth and fresh blood were spattered in the place where the skull had been.

The few survivors were running, whimpering, into the forest. Muktar stumbled to the door and shook his fist at them, rumbling curses until he choked up and sagged against the wall.

Hafiz was badly cut up and I gave him all the first aid I could. It was still a long walk to our bungalow.

Most of the *jungli-kutta* were dead or dying around our feet. The few who remained wouldn't menace the hunters or the hunted anymore.

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"Motor Overhaul" actually makes your car run like new in 60 seconds because it goes to work instantly—while you drive—to recondition your motor—to give it a tremendous new power and pep!

Seals Cracks, Pit Marks, Holes

"Motor Overhaul" surface-lubricates every part where friction and abrasion take their toll. "Motor Overhaul's" action results in smoother performance within the first few miles!

Automatically Tightens Loose Parts

A "light" engine gives fast pickup, smooth acceleration. Most old engines don't need expensive parts replacement when the surfaces are made glass-smooth by "Motor Overhaul". Pistons fit cylinders and rings the way they did hundreds of thousands of miles before! Your car—treated with "Motor Overhaul"—recovers all its pep and power and you stop wasting gas. It's almost like owning a brand new car for \$2.98!

Send no money. Just mail coupon for sensational Motor Overhaul. But do it today!

Read What These Car Owners Say!



G. E. J., Michigan City, Indiana. "Instead of a hundred dollar valve and ring job I added 'Motor Overhaul'. My car runs like new."



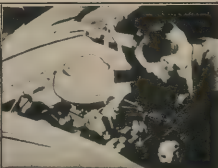
C. L. D., Graham, Ill. "I thought my car was all worn out after 60,000 miles. My car's still going—better than ever with 'Motor Overhaul'—at 100,000 miles."



B. F., Chicago, Ill. "I never saw anything work so fast! 'Motor Overhaul' improved my pickup and gas mileage immediately!"



E. S., Highland Park, Ill. "My car's eight years old, but so far I haven't had one major repair bill—thanks to 'Motor Overhaul'."



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

You don't have to be an automobile expert to use "Motor Overhaul". Just open the can and add it to your regular oil. Then watch your car perform better than you ever dreamed possible!

Most Amazing Automobile "Life Extender" Ever Discovered

If somebody told you an amazing new automotive discovery would add years of top performance to your present car—regardless of its age and condition—what would you be willing to pay?

Well, with amazing "Motor Overhaul" you can get all these advantages—and more—and your total cost is just \$2.98! Just \$2.98 for this amazing new discovery will do more for your car's engine than an expensive overhaul.

Act now! Mail your order today—on absolute money-back guarantee. See what Motor Overhaul does for your car's performance!

SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE

Try "Motor Overhaul" in your car, truck, tractor or other gasoline engine. If you aren't astonished at your engine's new, amazing pep and performance—if you can't honestly say, that "Motor Overhaul" makes your car run like new—then return the can within 10 days for complete refund—no questions asked! You don't risk one cent! "Motor Overhaul" must give you NEW CAR PERFORMANCE or your MONEY BACK!



Revolutionary Discovery Adds Years to Life of Cars!

Penetrates to All Moving Parts • Seals Up Cracks, Pits, Marks, Holes • Surface-plates Surfaces • Automatically Tightens Loose Parts and Stops Friction Drag • Makes For Instant Starts • Increases Power and Pick-Up. 58.2% Insures Clean Spark Plugs • Saves up to 24% on Oil • Gives up to 54.1% More Gas Mileage.

ONLY
\$2.98

HURRY! ORDER NOW TO GET IN ON FREE TRIAL OFFER!
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Motor Overhaul, 31 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

MOTOR OVERHAUL, Dept. GP 10

31 West 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

- ☐ Please rush "Motor Overhaul". I agree to pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Some money-back guarantee.
- ☐ Enclosed find \$2.98. Please rush me "Motor Overhaul" prepaid, with the understanding that I must be delighted or return within 10 days for complete refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

THE COURTESAN WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 33)

she roared in angry defiance before the police could ooze their way down the congested aisles, "because I dare to sleep with the men I love. My private affairs are my business. If I want to sleep with a hundred men, I shall

"I want you to know that it is better for a woman to bear twelve healthy children by twelve different men than twelve such children as we have now by one man. Marriage is an institution to stabilize something that cannot be stabilized, to make something last that will not."

By this time the gendarmes got to her. They closed in on the stage and brought her talk to an abrupt end. Fighting, wiggling, squirming, kicking and exploding in all directions, Vicki was hauled bodily to the Ludlow Street Jail again. But before long she was freed once more and soon was loudly urging people to elect her.

Although her "lectures" and campaign speeches attracted tremendous turnouts, on election day she did not receive a single vote as General Ulysses S. Grant became the 18th President of the United States. After her bid for the White House flopped, Vicki turned her talents in another direction by bearding the lion in his den. She became the secret mistress of one of the greatest clergymen of all time—Henry Ward Beecher.

This led to a court trial in which she was upheld after having accused the great Rev. Beecher of committing adultery with her on numerous and repeated occasions.

As she was now approaching old age in a life that had been brilliant and barbaric, devastating and refreshing, she married into a rich and aristocratic English family. Now, like many prostitutes, she dedicated the remaining years of her life to repentance.

The concept of Free Love became repulsive to her. She became known as "Saint Victoria," and in 1892 attempted to run for the Presidency again—this time on a ticket of Sexual Purity. This bid proved unsuccessful, too.

In 1897 her husband, John Martin, died leaving a sizeable fortune. Victoria reached her 80th year and was put under medical care, since she had become obsessed with the terror of death. Day and night she would sit in her rocking-chair, fearful to lie in bed lest she pass away. But in 1927, at the age of 89, Vicki Woodhull turned in her chips—quietly and unheralded.

HERE IS THE KING OF RE- BUILD YOUR BODY YOU CAN HAVE!

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

You can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, develop a wise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful, shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality! The new "home gym method" that's the sure best and most inexpensive. It has changed many a 90 lb. weakling to a he-man. It has turned many a skinny boy into a marvelous physical specimen. It can do the same for you! **NO \$50.00 COURSES!** No expensive gadgets. You simply use the inexpensive home gym which helps you use the dormant muscle power in your own body. You will watch it increase in double time into solid muscle. The home gym method is easy!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are the amazing new muscle power body builder can help you gain inches of solid muscle in double quick time—only 10 minutes a day!

THE HOME GYM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO WANTS A BETTER BUILD WILL PRIZE! JUST MAILING THE COUPON MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!



WIN A SILVER CUP

Awarded to the person who makes the most progress in the HOME GYM.

MAIL NO RISK COUPON NOW!

HOME GYM CO., Dept. 171
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey
PLEASE RUSH THE HOME GYM WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONLY \$2.98 complete set, guarantee that I must gain inches of solid muscle, and I must be 100% satisfied or I get my money back! I enclose \$3.98. Send Deluxe Model. ☐ I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 50¢ postage by sending \$2.98 with my order).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

WORRIED?

Are you getting out of life all you want? To make your life full, successful, happy—is something missing? Paid here! **OUR 24-K GOLD PLATED CROSS** enclosed with beautiful SIMULATED DIAMONDS and fully ENCLOSED in GLASS, can be used in the privacy of your own home. It is said that people aware by it and BLISS the day they bought it. Don't be afraid to let it work for you. Only \$2.98 with order or \$5.00 C.O.D. If not satisfied, money back any day. **GET STARTED ON THE RIGHT FOOT TODAY!** **FREE** with every CROSS, a copy of one of the smallest Bibles in the World, to fit your purse or pocket. **SACRED PRODUCTS, Dept. 3463**
135 BROAD STREET NEW YORK 4, N. Y.



PRAYER

Is a Tremendous Mighty Power! Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Trouble? Worried? Dried? Unhappy? Is all this? Would you like more Happiness, Success and "Good able NEW WAY" Here is wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands to glorious New happiness and joy! Just clip this Message one and mail with your name, address and be stamp to **LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 7912, Noroton, Conn.** We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL, absolutely FREE!

BECOME AN EXPERT IN TRAFFIC and TRANSPORTATION

Traffic men earn \$4,000 to \$10,000 and up. Thousands of firms need traffic men, traffic regulations. We train you thoroughly in special authorities. Write for free book "Traffic Men" and training course. **LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.** Chicago 5, Ill. Correspondence Institute, Dept. T 583

Goodbye to CONSTIPATION

ENJOY SATISFYING DAILY REGULARITY WITH AMAZING NEW FRUIT LAXATIVE! Have you been blaming your poor bowels with hard stools, constipation, mite-type laxatives? Now, for the first time, Gel-Pex offers soothing, emollient, non-habit forming bulk work the way nature intended. . . with nature's own pure natural fruit products. Gel-Pex provides the right combination of bulk and lubricating factors to soften stools, moles smooth, normal functioning within 24 hours without distress or discomfort!

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW USERS! So confident are we that Gel-Pex will bring you the satisfying regularity it has brought to thousands of others, we offer to let new users try Gel-Pex at virtually no cost. **JUST CLIP THIS AD AND MAIL with only 25¢ and your name & address and we'll send you a \$1.00 Gel-Pex Introductory Package postpaid.** Mail 25c today to: **GEL-PEX DRUG CO., Dept. 203** 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

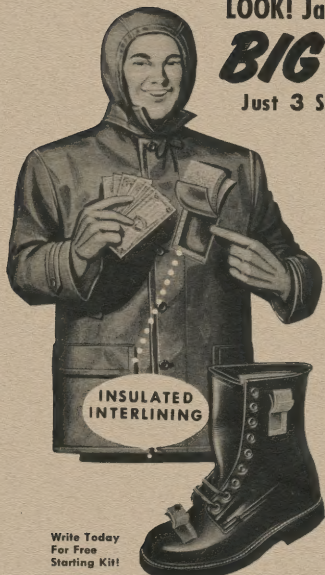
CORNS-CALLUSES

Lift Right Off In 30 Minutes

Say goodbye to laming corns and callouses that make you limp around in torture. New easy safe painless liquid discovery called Half-Hour Cornmaster removes even stubborn corns and callouses in 30 minutes! Just dab on, let set. Lift off. No cutting, no pads. Removes soft corns between toes just as easy. Not in stores. Send \$1 for enough to get rid of 25 corns and callouses. Postpaid to **GEORGE D. TINTZ CO., Dept. 23** \$2.50. Be delighted in 30 minutes or return for money back. Write to

TINTZ CO., Dept. 719 230 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago 11, Ill.

LOOK! Jacket & Shoe COMBINATIONS PAY YOU **BIG MONEY** Every Month! Just 3 Sales Daily Earn You up to \$660 a Month!



We Furnish Everything **FREE!**

Here's an exciting new idea that pays you double profits every sale! Now you can sell famous Mason Shoes . . . and Jackets to match! This tested "2-in-1" plan gives you two sales on a single call. Think of the things you can do with all the money you'll make this easy way! Take orders for just three of these fast-selling combinations a day . . . and you earn up to \$660 a month! Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you so fast:

• Now-famous Insulated Jacket and Leather Boot Combination . . . same type Subzero Insulation as U.S. Army Coldbar Suit! • Horsehide leather jacket lined with real sheepskin . . . and extra-comfortable air-cushioned work shoe, also lined with warm fleecel! • Smart, luxurious Palomino Leather Jacket . . . matching air-cushioned Tassel slip-on Mocassins . . . today's rage! • New Reversible Nylon-Rayon Jacket . . . with genuine Shell Cordovan Leather Oxford (not illustrated). (These combinations pay you up to \$9.50 profit per sale!) We'll put you in business immediately by rushing a complete Sales Outfit FREE! And . . .

Write Today
For Free
Starting Kit!

New miracle INSULATED INTERLINING keeps you warm at below zero temperatures. Same type as used in U.S. Army Coldbar suit! Thousands of unconnected AIR CELLS between two layers provide DEAD AIR SPACE insulation—keeps cold air out, holds body heat in, is light, comfortable and non-bulky.

Do You Want This Kind of EXTRA Cash?

Here's actual proof of the money you can make in your Mason business, taken from hundreds of signed testimonials on file at our factory. Most of these successful men had no selling experience . . . yet all made handsome, extra incomes . . . without investing a single cent! Wouldn't you like cash profits like these?



Earns \$93.55 in 4 hours!

"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., earning myself \$93.55 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)



Earnings Financed Vacation!

"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." T. Worley, Michigan



Adds Greatly to Pension!

"I know there must be many men like myself who would like to add to their pensions to gain the extra things of life. One forenoon I made a net profit of \$21.75!" C. Mason, Michigan



Averages \$80 extra a week!

"I have made more money since I started this business than in all my past life. My average extra earnings have been over \$80 a week." C. Tuttle, California.

YOU GET STEADY REPEAT ORDERS!

• You show a selection no store can match! Over 195 dress, sport, work shoe styles for men, women . . . plus a complete line of jackets . . . even raincoats! • You can fit almost everybody, because of our amazing range of sizes (2½-15) and widths (extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE)! • You carry no stock—yet you're never "out" of a size, style, or width! With our huge stock (over a quarter million pairs of shoes) to draw on, you give customers what they want! • You feature our exclusive Velvet-eez foamy-soft Air-Cushion innersole . . . a blessing for men and women who spend long hours on their feet. Working men, women swear by this important comfort feature! Mason Shoes have famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal! Folks buy in complete confidence . . . know they're getting "tops" in value! . . . They really appreciate this convenient, leisurely way of "shopping" for shoes at home or where they work. Saves time . . . saves shopping around . . . and they save money! Right now—with Mason sales far higher than ever before in all our 52 years—is the best time to start! To get your new Mason Starting Business Outfit including the Mason "Miracle" Line for men and women and featuring amazing Insulated jackets, shoes . . . Silicometanned shoes that shed water . . . Shoe-Jacket combinations . . . many other fast-selling money-makers . . . mail coupon today! We'll rush your FREE Starting Business Outfit with everything you need to make exciting double profits from your first hour!

SEND FOR **FREE** SALES OUTFIT!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. H-110
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my complete Mason Shoe & Jacket Starting Business Outfit FREE and prepaid including everything I need to start earning big money from my first hour!

Name

Address

Town State

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. H-110
CHIPPWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

5

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE VALUES

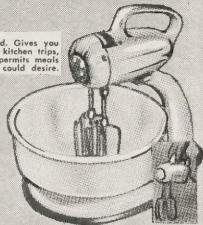
your choice Shimmery Chrome
Velvety CopperFully Automatic Signal Control
11 WAY COOKER-FRYER-STEAMER

No more guesswork. Proper heat, automatically adjusted. Gives you PERFECT MEALS every time. Table Top service eliminates kitchen trips, saves time and energy. BIG, BIG 6 qt. capacity permits meals for the entire family. Does everything any cook could desire.

- Cooks
- Bakes
- Broils
- Steams
- Boils
- Roasts
- Warmers
- Stews
- Fries
- Blanches
- Casseroles
- Defrosts

An exceptional value that includes: Fry Basket with detachable handle, Recipe Book, and Plug. Choice of colors: 115 V., A.C. Full Factory guarantee. \$8.95

Nationally Advertised at \$39.95

Sale Price
\$8.95ELECTRIC FOOD MIXER
Fully Automatic

Compare this white kitchen beauty with any food mixer at any price! Any man, woman or child can perform cooking miracles with this powerful mixer that leads a double life. Can be used with either of the two mixing bowls that come with it, or can be separated and used in any pot, pan, bowl, etc. This wonderful kitchen aid will make any cake mix or batter smooth and velvety and does it all quick as a wink. Double rotary blades are easily detached for cleaning. A wonderful gift at a most conservative price. 110 Volts \$12.95

Nationally Advertised at \$24.95

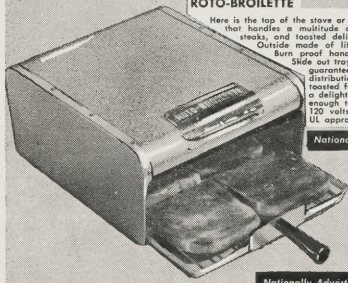
Sale Price
\$12.95

ROTO-BROILETTE

Here is the top of the stove or table top ROAST-TOASTER — that handles a multitude of jobs. Broiling chops and steaks, and toasted delicacies including sandwiches. Outside made of lifetime hammered aluminum.

Burn proof handles permit easy movement. Slide out tray fits on several levels. Fully guaranteed coil elements gives even distribution of heat. Will make any toasted food taste better. Will impart a delightful charcoal flavor. Beautiful enough to grace any woman's table. 120 volts, A.C., D.C. Complete with UL approved cord set. only \$9.95

Nationally Advertised at \$19.95

Sale Price
\$9.95Sale Price
\$8.95

Nationally Advertised at \$19.95

DOUBLE SLICE TOASTER
Fully Automatic

A beautiful Chrome Beauty, you will be proud to own or give for any occasion. A daily reminder of your thoughtfulness. Will give years of wonderful automatic service and deliver taste-teasing toast just as you like it, fresh and warm — light to dark. Pops right up when it is done. Will take any size slice of bread, Muffins, Cake and Rolls. Complete with heavy duty Cord and Plug. Full year's guarantee too. 115 Volts, A.C. \$8.95

Sale Price
\$10.95

Nationally Advertised List Price \$39.95

Westinghouse Equipped

ELECTRIC SKILLET with Temperature Selector Control
Fully Automatic

The Modern Roto-Broil way to Cook, right at the Dining table. Bakes, Fries, Chafes, Stews where you are. Beautifully constructed of triple gauge aluminum with HEATING ELEMENT. Provides even distribution of heat to all parts of the skillet. Is guaranteed fully — TEMPERATURE DIAL SELECTOR with Signal Light show when the correct temperature for any foods are reached. Easy to clean rounded corners prevent hot and cold areas and give wonderful tasty meals. Lifetime Aluminum Skillet and High Domed Covers. Scratch proof legs, Heat resistant handles combine to give you an automatic Kitchen aid that can handle tasty meals for as many as 6 people. All at the same time. All at a price that represents real savings. 110-120 Volts A.C. Complete with Extension Cord Set. \$10.95

NOVEL DISTRIBUTING CO.

Dept. 104, 33 Second Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the items I have checked:

- | | |
|---|---------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Skillet | \$10.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cooker Fryer | 8.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broillette | 9.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toaster | 8.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Food Mixer | 12.95 |

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zone _____

Full payment.

Please send C.O.D. I enclose \$1.00 deposit. I will pay balance plus postal charges to postman.

Please include 50 cents handling charge for each item.

AMAZING ELECTRIC SPRAY GUN ELIMINATES EXPENSIVE AIR COMPRESSORS AND MOTORS

MAKE MONEY! SAVE MONEY! With Amazing Century Super Jet Spray Gun!

No Experience Needed To Operate Easy-To-Use All Purpose Spray Gun.

Now anyone can own a professional, all-purpose spray gun. Homeowners! Hobbyists! Handymen! Paint the fast, easy way with the amazing new Century Super Jet Spray Gun. Save money spray painting shelves, closets, cabinets, furniture, bookcases, doors and other things around the house. Make money in your spare time spraying fine finishes on automobiles, fences, metalwork and hundreds of other projects for your friends, neighbors or customers. Century Super Jet can pay for itself on the very first job. It costs just \$1.00 a week — no money down!

This lightweight, self-contained spray gun makes painting the easiest thing in the world because there are no tanks, no compressors, no complicated equipment to cause trouble or confusion. Simply plug Century Super Jet into any 110 Volt A.C. electrical outlet, fill the non-breakable aluminum container with paint and pull the trigger to start spraying. Spray paint, enamel, lacquer, varnish, shellac, insecticide, deodorants, liquid fertilizer, oil and water as easily as pointing your finger!

Just about any liquid that pours easily, sprays easily when you use Century Super Jet!



SELF-CLEANING!

Simply spray solvent through the gun after painting and Century Super Jet cleans itself in seconds... automatically!

ONE CONTROL KNOB!

A simple turn to the right or left instantly adjusts Century Super Jet to atomize the material you are spraying!

JEWEL NOZZLE

ALL METAL

No Breakable Glass Or Plastic
Polished Aluminum
Jar

AUTOMATIC PAINT STRAINER

Century Super Jet's ingenious fine-screen metal filter automatically strains paint and spray materials. Dirt, pigments, etc. are automatically filtered out and prevented from clogging gun!



U.I.
and
C.S.A.
approved

FREE TRIAL IS BEST PROOF! SEND NO MONEY!



Only \$29.95-\$1. a week!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

- NEW ALL-METAL CENTURY SUPER JET SPRAY GUN
- POLISHED ALUMINUM QUART SIZE SPRAY CONTAINER
- HI-TURBULENCE JEWEL NOZZLE
- 8-FOOT HEAVY DUTY NEOPRENE CORD SET
- FINE SCREEN AUTOMATIC PAINT STRAINER
- SPARE PARTS AND COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS

FREE!

Mail Coupon Today with order and get FREE 5-piece Screw Driver Set.



EXTRA BONUS! Send \$29.95 in full payment of your Century SUPER JET SPRAY GUN and receive as extra bonus tool kit pictured! Tempered steel 6 inch wrench, 7 inch pliers, screw driver blades and chuck, complete with carrying case. Not a toy!

FULLY GUARANTEED! 10 Day Free Trial plus 90 Day Guarantee Against Mechanical Defects.

POWER PRODUCTS, 175 EAST 87th STREET, NEW YORK CITY



MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

POWER PRODUCTS, Century Division Dept. 2-RM
175 East 87th Street, New York 28, N. Y.

Please send amazing new Century SUPER JET SPRAY GUN. I must be completely satisfied or I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund. I am using payment plan checked below.

- ☐ PAYMENT IN FULL. Enclosed is \$29.95 (check or money order) in full payment. Be sure to send my FREE GIFT plus EXTRA BONUS.
- ☐ SIMPLIFIED BUDGET PLAN. (No Money Down) I will pay \$29.95 at \$1.00 per week plus postage and small credit service charge. (No credit charge if paid within 60 days.) Be sure to send my FREE GIFT!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
EMPLOYED BY _____ POSITION _____
ADDRESS _____ BGO

